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THE ROMANCE OF AN OLD BACHELOR

Told in Confidence to a Diary

By KATHARINE BATES. *With Pictures by* H. C. EDWARDS

JANUARY 1, 1898. One always fears sarcasm beneath extreme gentleness, and something in the very smoothness of your soft leather binding suggests to me that you are scoffing within your pages at the thought of an old bachelor, middle-aged and to all outward appearance sensible, deciding to write a bit in you each night.

Well, let us understand each other at the beginning, on this first day of the year. You ask, why should a man who is commonplace, and two-thirds bald-headed, wish to pour out his soul on you? I answer, it is all your own fault; you must have known that you were exposing yourself to some such fate when you stood up so conspicuously in the shop window, holding aloft a ticket which told the thrifty passer-by that you could be bought for forty-nine cents, because you were dated 1897. I admit that I am a Chicago bachelor; you admit that you are a year-behind-the-times diary—no sly sneers henceforth; we understand each other.

Now I suppose that you expect me to tell you what to-day has been like, here in Chicago—or perhaps to describe to you the moods that have been stirred in me by the reflection that this is my forty-third birthday. But not a bit of it. Enough preamble—the heat is fast slipping down my register—let me leap into my tale.

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On the twenty-fourth day of last February my back ached as if it were an entire spinal-complaint ward, and my well-disciplined tongue, trained by long years of practice into pleasant speech to my landlady, suddenly jerked out to her, as she paused at my door to whisper to me that young Jones came in late again last night: "No wonder he takes to cooling drinks; will you have the heat turned off in the furnace, please, Mrs. Martin; it's hotter than an oven in here!"

She looked at me in startled fashion; usually she maintains that my room is tropical when I contend that it is frigid. To-night, we had apparently changed places. She bent forward and blew out a long breath, which was certainly visible; then she came to me and laid an icy, red hand on my forehead and felt my pulse.

"Typhoid," she sighed. "La! how the trouble piles up! Pipes all froze and burst to-day, dining-room girl turned sassy, and now you down with the fever! But don't you be afraid I'll send you to the hospital—you've not been with me thirteen years for nothing, Mr. Ball. I'll get in a trained nurse, even if she does spat with the cook. Dear, dear—plumbers, and doctors, and what not! Well, I hope you won't be carried off. I'm sure I've done my best to have the water boiled, but like as not that lazy Julie has sneaked in some straight from the faucet. Never trust a Swede, I say, and who's had experience with them, if I haven't?"

•

After that I did have times of realizing that there was some one in the room, but it was not till April that I looked with seeing eyes at Miss Edith Prescott. She was standing by my bed washing my face, and as she passed the soft, wet cloth across my eyes it seemed as if she wiped away a film that had been there for many days. I stared up at her eagerly, and she held the wash-rag aloft and looked at me with marked interest in her black eyes. A flash of real delight swept over her face as I tried to say, in a low, feeble voice, "How-d'y' do?" "Good-morning," she answered softly, "and now go right back to sleep." She laid her fingers gently on my eyelids, pressing them lightly down, and I did her bidding, as I have done it ever since.

Of course, I did not consciously cave in at once. I merely knew, in a vague way, that typhoid had been greatly maligned—in fact, that having it meant enjoying life as much as when one was being a fairly important man in a wholesale grocery house downtown. Even the relapse that threw me back six weeks was bearable, despite the number of times that Mrs. Martin tiptoed in, when Miss Prescott was downstairs making my broth, to tell me that, even if I came out all right, these months of doctors and nurses would cripple me financially for many a year.

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Money trouble me when by my window sat Miss Prescott, with the spring sunlight falling on her small, dusky head? No, hardly that! And even better was it to have her come to me with the little glass in her hand saying sternly: "Take it at once, at once, Mr. Ball."

There came a time when I was strong enough for her to read to me, and then a time when I was strong enough to talk to her, even daring once to ask her a little about herself. She looked at me meditatively when I questioned; then, after a second's pause, there broke a smile that said, "Why, we are good friends." The bit of surprise in the smile pained me a little; I had been only a patient; she had not known, as I, that we were friends. Well, she was realizing it now, at any rate, for she spoke frankly.

"We lived down near Stuyvesant Square long after most people moved away, for my mother loved the place dearly, and in spring I used often to meet the women medical students sauntering there—their college is on Fifteenth and Livingstone, right by the square. I liked them—gay, happy souls they seemed, always eagerly interested. And when our crash came, and my father's death, I thought of going into medicine. But I had had so little real training that I was afraid. Nursing seemed simpler—more doing as one is bid—so first St. Luke's and now here, nursing the most docile of patients! Now lie still and rest, even if you can't sleep. Not another word."

I did rest, watching drowsily her white fingers as they twisted a bit of something gauzy into a cap for herself. The content of knowing that she was there deepened the drowsiness, and at last I fell asleep and stayed so for the greater part of the afternoon. When I awoke the sunlight was gone, but it was not that which made the room so gray. In Miss Prescott's chair sat Mrs. Martin, rocking noisily, and yearning for me to wake and heed her incessant chatter.

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"There!" she exclaimed delightedly, catching me before I could close my eyes again; "wake, ain't you? She's off on a walk, and I've been sittin' in here in case you should want anything."

"Not a thing," I said quickly; "not a thing. Don't let me keep you for a moment, for I know how busy you are."

"Busy!" She pulled her rocker nearer to the bed. "You've no notion of how busy I am." Then she began an account of the trouble the new boarders made her with their whims about the way they liked their steaks and chops cooked.

"Deliver me," she said, "from boarders with stomachs! He is not so bad—nothing much but hot water makes a meal for him—but she! Well, if it wasn't hard times, she'd find out who owned 1121, I guess."

"I am sure of it," I said, and the acquiescence pleased her.

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She rocked still nearer to the bed. "Now, you dear little man," she said, "I just want you to understand that I'm not grudging you having your fever here, and as for your nurse, well, she's the best of her class that I ever came across; that's all I've got to say. Never an impudent word to me, and she and the cook get on splendidly, and indeed everybody in the house who runs across her has a word to say for her neat, ladylike ways. She takes that cross Sadie Patch to walk with her, and lets

SHE SEEMED ALMOST MAJESTIC AS SHE STOOD A LITTLE AT ONE SIDE, LOOKING DOWN AT ME

pore Miz Patch draw a free breath, and in here, when you are snoozing and she might sit with her hands in her lap, she darns stockings for the rest of the Patches.

"The other day Miz Patch told me confidentially that she did not want to be unfeeling, but she could not bear the thought of your getting well. And as for young Jones—don't you ever breathe it—but I just believe he keeps straight some nights on purpose to get a word with her! They have got an awful lot of family pride, those Joneses, and of course he'd never look at her sure enough—though they do say his great uncle ran away with a housegirl—but certainly he is mashed. No, Mr. Ball, me nor none of the rest of the house has a word to say against her; I'll give her a recommend any day she asks for one, and you know I am none too quick to recommend help."

•

I raised myself feebly in the bed. Could I kill her? No, I had not the strength. I dropped back and she rose promptly.

"There, you want you pillow hunched, don't you, Mr. Ball?"

She was hunching it when Miss Prescott came in, and for a moment they stood by me while they chatted. Mrs. Martin is small and fat, with three strongly marked strokes down her face; indeed, it almost seems as if three fingers had been pressed on a ball of dough, the middle one lightly, shaping the nose to a duck's bill, the first and third more heavily, in order to form the deep ravines over which hang the precipices of her cheeks.

Miss Prescott is—well, as I looked at the chiseling of that face, my rage at Mrs. Martin died down in pity for her, in pity for all women whose faces are not like Edith Prescott's. I sighed out this pity, and my nurse quickly bade Mrs. Martin good-by. As the door banged cheerily behind the landlady, Miss Prescott bent over me, saying: "Just the flush of that good nap," but at the same time laying a finger on my cheek in evident fear that the color might be due to fever. I felt a babyish desire to hear words of interest, so asked doltishly, "Would you be sorry if it came up again?"

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She moved back at once, pursed up her mouth a little and cast her eyes downward.

"Well, one does not quarrel with one's bread and butter. You are a very nice patient, indeed, Mr. Ball, and if you are deciding on another relapse, I am willing to renew my engagement for, say, six weeks. That will give time enough for some very interesting complications."

Then she brutally went away to the kitchen to heat my gruel. However, when she came back, after making me sip the stuff, she wiped my mouth with even more gentleness than usual. Then she got the brush and began softly to smooth my hair. I was comforted, yes, perfectly at peace, till a sudden dreary thought came to me. I had not much hair at any time, and of course the fever was loosening the very last!

"Is there any there?" I asked.

"Well"—she hesitated. "Some."

I groaned, and she added hastily:

"Of course it always comes back. I dare say by this time next year you will have a curly fringe all around here."

She drew her finger around the outskirts of the circumference of my head.

"And the top?"

"The top? Oh, it will be—er—just as it was before you fell ill."

"What," I demanded fiercely, "are the compensations for typhoid?"

•

She raised her hand and began to count off my gains on her slender fingers.

"Firstly, you know now that you are Mrs. Martin's pet—'Not another of my gents would I have kept,' she tells me. Secondly,"—but here I interrupted her.

"Shall I tell you the real compensation? Shall I tell you what makes these months the most glorious I have ever known?"

"Oh, it was not I who was questioning," she said. "Now rest—too much talking will spoil your night."

That was always the way. Let me speak one word of gratitude for all her care, and instantly it was time for me to go to sleep, or to have my teeth brushed, or to take a mug of milk. That is, sometimes. Other times, though she would not let me talk, she was sweetness itself. All my life I shall hear her talking to me, reading to me, once in a while singing to me.

I hated to get better, but at last there came a day when my doctor said I must try myself on my feet once more. It was a bitter day—and all for a reason that perhaps you will scoff at. The doctor was a great, garrulous idiot, who had a knack of pulling people through serious illnesses. As I tottered to the rocking-chair across the room, supported on either side by him and by Miss Prescott, he burst into his coarse, unmeaning guffaw.

"I declare, Ball," he said, "if this spell hasn't shrunk you! I'm a couple of heads above you now, instead of one. Why, Miss Prescott herself is a full head taller."

SHE WENT HURRIEDLY TO MEASURE OUT MY DROPS

When I was in my chair, biting my lips, I looked at her. So perfectly proportioned was she that before this it had never occurred to me that she was tall; now, however, she seemed almost majestic as she stood a little at one side, looking down at me in friendly fashion. Yes, friendly, but perfectly conscious, I was sure that I am a small man, not, of course, a pigmy that the hulking brute would make me out, but a full inch and a half below her. I had to tell them that I wanted to get back to bed again; that I was tired.

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The truth was that I wanted to get through with the ordeal of walking back between them. Talk about women's natures being largely spiritual—not one of them but what wants a man to be six feet high, with shoulders patterned after that mantelpiece yonder, the whole capped by a shocky head of hair! Well, it is all tommy-rot, this idea of its being a relief to write things out.

February 1, 1898. Cousin Betty is a very sweet lady, who has for husband a charming fellow who never can remember that rent-day is more inevitable than the last judgment, so he is in a great stew every month, till a Chicago cousin lulls the troubled waters.

It is no credit to this cousin, for he has an ample salary and simple tastes. He meanders into his bookseller's every Saturday afternoon and buys the Dial and the last novel of Mr. Henry Fuller, or whoever happens to be doing Chicago at the time; he goes to an occasional Thomas concert; he buys every two years a lot in Bryn Mawr; he puts by steadily a mite for old age—oh, yes, and each day he supplements Mrs. Martin's breakfasts and dinners by an extremely adequate lunch at the Marlborough.

Where toss the rest of his salary and of the income bequeathed to him by his father, if not into the grateful hands of this Oak Park mother of a large family? Mark that word grateful. Bearing it in mind will enable you to understand the thrill that shot through me when, one day, Mrs. Martin said to me: "Guess who's downstairs again? That faithful Mrs. White, from Oak Park, and she is telling Miss Prescott things about you while they wait for you to wake up."

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I am an old fool, no doubt about it, but I simply had to giggle joyously to myself. Cousin Betty is one of those dear babbling people who believe that all the world is interested in their kin; she would tell Miss Prescott, in fullest detail, with many tears of pride, what a model I had been from my earliest days. It is certainly no fault of mine that this information is reaching Miss Prescott; I should not tell her myself, but it is just as well that she should know it. Dear Cousin Betty—I could hear her very words!

"You don't know what Caleb is—that wonderful nature, so unselfish, so lovable, so strong and true, so etcetera!"

I felt such tenderness toward her that when she came up and held my head firmly between her plump, motherly hands, sobbing out, "Caleb, my boy, my dear, dear boy, you are alive, alive, thank the good Lord!" I wanted to sob too. Nor was I alone in the desire. Tears ran down Miss Prescott's cheeks, and she went hurriedly to measure out my drops. And that afternoon how abstractedly she read to me, stopping now and then to look at me with eyes that implied my sainthood! Ah, blessed, tonguey Cousin Betty! How I thanked her!

It is a pity that other memories must come! I have not told you of that day when the son of our house was admitted to see me. I've always had a liking for Fred, a manly, handsome fellow, whose business talent was not spoiled by a year or so at Mr. Harper's culture shop down yonder on Fifty-eighth Street, and at first I was glad to see him.

However, as he stood by my chair, holding my hand, telling me they were deuced glad I should soon be back to keep the house from going to pieces, Miss Prescott appeared at the door, her warning watch in hand. Instantly there was the change which sweeps over a young fellow when he realizes that a woman is at hand who is his equal in good looks. He went at once to shake hands with her, to remind her that it was he to whom she had once given news of me. He could not tell her how grateful they all were to her for saving me for them. Had she found me easy to manage, obedient, docile?

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"No, Ball, you mustn't blush—who knows better than I all your good points? Well, well, if you are turning shy, I'll get Miss Prescott to tell them to me outside."

Then he actually shook hands gushingly with me, waved her out into the hall with him, closed the door, and talked to her for ten minutes in low tones. To be sure, I did hear him say at first that I must have every delicacy that I fancied, but then I lay back in my chair, limp. She had blushed, had laughed girlishly, gayly, and was now chattering with him. Of course I knew that she would probably never see him again, never think of him again, but all the same I realized in dark despair that I was out of the race; that it is youth that bewitches youth.

"You've found him a nice old fellow, I know," I thought I could hear Fred saying, and was she not agreeing that I was a pleasant person to nurse—so uncomplaining!

That quarter-hour was a preparation for one decidedly worse. After a few days of lull—days so full of talks on life, death and immortality that I almost forgot how old forty-three is—there came an afternoon when, for the first time in many months, Doctor Edgerton was not desperately busy. He had time to gossip a mite with us, and sprawling back in my biggest chair, he began to toss pleasantries to Miss Prescott. She accepted them with a gay graciousness that was half annoying, half bewitching to me.

She always spoke of Edgerton, not only with gratitude for his kindness in constantly securing work for her, and with respect for his undeniable skill, but also with an air of hearty liking for the man himself. Now she was placidly cordial, even when he assumed the fatherly attitude of frank advice on the question of marriage.

"You women," he declared, "let the thought of a husband act on you like the worst sort of a retinitis. Yes, ma'am, it makes you perfectly blind—can't see your own interests at all. Now, who could be better off than a good nurse like you who has got the confidence of one or two first-class doctors, and so never need be without a job, except when she chooses to skip off to Petoskey or down to Mud Springs to play the lady for a week or so? Always good pay, and pleasant enough work, especially if you happen to strike a gentlemanly chap like Ball here.

"Then all the compensations from grateful patients, sometimes substantial as can be; for instance, just last week Miss Ryan got off the father of a first baby over on Prairie Avenue a gold watch and chain that would have made your eyes shine, Miss Prescott. To tell you the truth, though, Rosy Ryan is a nice little nurse, always aseptic, and discreet-tongued. I did wish that case and its emoluments could have fallen to you, Miss P. Well, even if it isn't always gold, it is often very touching—books with 'For one who saved my life,' or 'From one who will never think of you without tears of gratitude coming to her eyes' on the fly-leaf. But what's the use of my talking? If I roared myself black in the face you'd get married all the same. Women have no capacity for taking advice. So, isn't it?"

"Yes," Miss Prescott admitted, "we women are prone to decide the question of marriage for ourselves."

"It don't surprise me in women in general," he went on, "for the poor things of course get a glossed-over notion of man; but you nurses!"

Here he rose to go, and as he shook hands with her he gave the lovely hand lying in his a friendly slap with his other great paw.

"Now," he said, "you'd never be one to think my advising you against marriage meant anything personal against your Doctor Ellis, would you?"

She gave a quick turn that threw me into the background; but I could see the color rushing to her white throat.

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"I should never be one," she answered, "to think that you could mean anything but kindness. Who has been my generous, steady friend every since I came to Chicago, Doctor Edgerton?"

"Um, um," he said in gratified breathings. "But there's two sides to everything—if I've helped you, you've helped me. Ball, here, probably thinks just as much of you as he does of me. Well, ta-ta. Ball, I'll help you out-doors to-morrow, and I guess after that you can discharge this bank-breaker of a nurse. Ta-ta-ta!"

Perhaps during those last days she really was not different; perhaps the dreariness all came from my absorbed, neurasthenic attention to the ringing in my ears—that ringing of "Ellis, Ellis, Ellis." I could see the young doctor as vividly as if Edgerton had described him—a tall, absurdly tall, luxuriant-haired young swell, probably from her dear New York, rushing to success, and regarding her as one of its first fruits.

Even on the very last morning, when the time to say good-by was at hand, this insolent chap strutted between us. He was standing by us when she thanked me for the books in which I had written her name before that fool of an Edgerton had made his brutal speech about grateful patients. She laughed softly at the memory of his words as she took up one of the books, a little leather volume of Christina Rossetti's poems.

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"Where's the testimonial?" she asked, looking me straight in the eyes. "Am I to go forth into the world with no proof that I have been a solace to you in time of trouble? Oh, this will never do, Mr. Ball! There is your pen. Add 'To one who,' etc., etc."

"THERE IS YOUR PEN. ADD 'TO ONE WHO,' ETC."

Had it not been for the trim figure of young Ellis near her, I could have sworn that beneath the laughter in her eyes lay a trace of eagerness for the words which before this she had refused to hear. He checked my bursting speech, and I took refuge in facetiousness; with many jests we parted, giving each other elaborate recommendations as nurse and patient.

If I can't have the typhoid every year, I believe I'd like to have my heart [illegible]. I dreamed last night that I was standing by my window, and she came behind me, laid her hand on my shoulder, and bent her head down on the hand. My cheek was near that soft hair—O Lord, grant unto Thy servant the small-pox—no, not that, she might catch it—but a good long run of malarial fever!

March 1, 1898. She's not yet the wife of that coxcomb of an Ellis. She has been very

busy with a steady run of cases, except for some weeks in the country away from Chicago. Of course, I cannot see her when she is on duty; a few times only have I met her, a few notes have I had from her, thanking me for little tokens of my unflagging gratitude.

But there is always Edgerton. I haunt his office, pretending that my illness has left me frail, and he fixes me up placebos with the kindly, tolerant contempt of the man who is willing to let people be hypochondriac if they choose, so long as they pay three dollars a call. He realizes that I like to hear of her—chiefly, he fancies, because she is associated with the absorbing topic of my health—and he brags greatly of the stunning way in which she is getting his patients well, and often regrets her engagement to his friend Ellis, who, by the way, is working up a fine Lake Shore practice and will soon be able to marry. "And he's got sense enough to stick to her, though of course those girls up there are trying to catch him—you ought to see them together, an elegant couple, so well matched in height and general looks."

•

April 1, 1898. I went down to Jackson Park this afternoon, to stand by the lake at sunset. The breeze was so amazingly balmy for the season that I lingered after the sun was gone, and was just turning away when a cart stopped by me.

"Ball," cried a loud voice, "what did I and Miss Prescott bring you through the typhoid for last spring? To let pneumonia carry you off now? Bless you, man, grocery business has got more money in it than doctoring has if you can afford another siege of us! Send him home, Miss Prescott—if it is money out of our pockets."

I went to shake hands with my preservers. I hope I glanced at Edgerton, but I am not sure. My eyes were full of her. Was she not spring herself in her lightish green dress, with the little hat to match, the shade bringing out, even in the twilight, the wild-flower pink of her cheeks?

"I'm taking her for an airing," Edgerton went on. "I tell you, if she pulls this case through, she and I will be in every medical journal in the country. She needs air now, for there's no joke about this operation. Well, by-by."

I was roused to sudden daring. "You've had your share," I said to Edgerton. "Walk back with me, Miss Prescott, do! Is it too far for you?"

"Nope, nope," Edgerton said good naturedly. "It will do her good to be on her legs a while—but mind you don't loiter too long, Miss Prescott. Get down—that is, if you think Ball is as good company as old Edgerton. Oh, embarrassing question—needn't say which you like best!"

•

I helped her down. Not till she was by me was I sure that it was all true.

"You really came down?" I faltered.

"Yes, so it would seem," she smiled. "Undoubtedly I am here. Now we must fly, for my hour is almost up, and I am away down on Sixty-first Street. Shall I tell you about the case? Such a lovely man, with a wife and six children—it is so sad."

She paused for breath, and the consciousness that she was chattering to me, that for the first time in our acquaintance she was embarrassed when with me, made my head stop whirling. I did not mind that I was interrupting the account of the pathetic case. I stood stock still, and said:

"I don't believe that you care for that Ellis after all."

She looked at me intently. "Who told you that I cared for Doctor Ellis?"

"Edgerton; he said that you were engaged to him."

"Indeed?" She walked me away from the buzzing girls. With a thrill of joy I saw that she was not moving toward Sixty-first Street. Was she rattled—was she?

"We have been such good friends—you would have told me, would you not?"

•

"No, I think I shouldn't," she said. I did not know just where we were, just what the answer meant, so I had to ask:

"Why not?"

"Oh, because. You've never told me of your engagement."

"I wish I could," I burst out. "Oh, don't I! But even if it isn't Ellis, I don't believe you would ever take me."

"Take you! Where? Oh, I was taking you to Sixty-first Street, wasn't I?"

"Will you tell me," I said despairingly, "why it is that you would not want to marry me? You like me—you do like to be with me. Is it—is it—my looks, my age?"

She laughed gayly.

"No, it isn't a question of your looks, Mr. Ball. In fact—very confidentially—I like them. And as for your age—surely it is one to be respected!"

Then she turned to me and her lips began to quiver. "Oh, Caleb Ball," she said, "these have been long months! Have you lived forty-three years and don't know yet that even trained nurses take only those men who offer themselves?"

You are bid to the Church of the Ascension some six weeks from now, where you shall see me fall ill of a typhoid from which I never expect to recover. Whoop-la! Did she really say, "Caleb, my Caleb"?

THE THIRTEENTH CHICKEN

A TALE OF TWO THANKSGIVINGS IN THE SIERRAS

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

WITH DRAWINGS BY BRILL

THE wind was flecking the down from the clouds as the breath of a schoolboy scatters the feathery seeds of a four-o'clock. The air was thick with the tiny flakes. Night descended early and brought unwonted quiet.

Bright red teeth, in a ruddy mouth, were shown by the glowing stove in "the store"—for the draught was open and the grate was alive with coals of mountain mahogany.

Now and then a snow-salted straggler opened the door, came in, shook the dry, clinging pellets from arms and shoulders, warmed himself at the fire, made a purchase or two and departed. The chairs, which were two, were occupied early. One was tilted back against the counter by a very contented-appearing person with his trousers in his boots; and from the other the storekeeper arose as the trade demanded.

"Early fer snow, kinder, ain't it, Sterling?" asked a customer.

"Did you speak to me, Charlie?" said the man addressed.

"Yep. Early fer snow, ain't it, kinder, an' two days yit till Thanksgivin'?"

"Oh, I guess not. We've got to expect it early up here in the Sierras. The first fall struck the summit three weeks or more ago."

•

"The winter av sivinty-foive Oi shnowballed a hathen Chinaze an the Foort av Juloi," said a red-faced miner, who had just come in, stamping his feet in a manner quite as noisy as hearty.

"On the Fourth o' July, in the winter? What are you givin' us, Brannagan?" said Charlie.

"Oi did thot."

"Be quiet!" exclaimed the storekeeper. "Don't you see the lady coming?"

Sterling and the grocer started for the door together, but Brannagan was there before them, pulling it open to bow the lady in.

"Come ferninst the sthove, Mrs. Birney, an' be warmin' yirsilf," said he; "it's a sassy noight fer wahkin'."

"Thank you, Mr. Brannagan," she replied as the door teetered back to its frame and Charlie went out with his bundles; "it is a little chilly. It's snowing hard."

She was wrapped in a thin, old-fashioned black shawl. In her hair, the snow whitened the gray that waved in streaks through what had once been lustrous black. The gay brown eyes were watchful, wistful, timid and self-reliant all at once.

"Oh, don't get up," she said to Mr. Sterling, who was bowing grandly and waving a splendid offer of his chair, "I shall only stand a moment to warm my feet. How is little Tottie?"

"She is well and happy, thank you. She's up at Bulwer's, with the youngsters, waiting till I come to take her home."

•

"You must let her come to see me."

"I am honored, Mrs. Birney," said the father with another wonderful salaam.

"Yer a lucky chap," muttered Brannagan beneath his breath.

"Anything I can do for you to-night, Mrs. Birney?" asked the proprietor, coming forward now with alacrity.

"Yes, Mr. Bird," she replied, as she walked toward his desk for the purpose of being a little apart from the men. "How much are turkeys going to be for Thursday?"

"The best I can do," Mr. Bird answered in a rasping whisper—he was partially deaf and afraid of shouting—"will be six dollars. A prime fowl and very considerable in size, Mrs. Birney." This was expressed in a special-rate tone of voice.

"That is high, even for a mining camp," said she. "How much for chickens?"

"One dollar each." He dropped his head to a pose of benevolence.

"Alive or dressed?"

"Oh, alive! all alive and healthy. Glad to sever connections between their heads and necks for customers, at any time."

"You are very good, Mr. Bird," she answered gravely. "You may send me a nice plump chicken—with connections severed—and a quart of cranberries. That is all, thank you."

"Will," said Brannagan, after a time, resuming his hat and his piece of a clay pipe, "Oi think Oi'll be afther fitchin' home me turkey." He walked to the crates and selected a fine, large fowl. "No, Oi'll lave ye sind um, Misther Bird," he said in a raucous voice. "Phist," he whispered then in the ear of the grocer, "hev the bie fetch um up tuh the Widdy Birney's, wid me compliments, an' keep yere mout mum, d'ye moind?" And he winked in a manner quite the reverse of subtle, jerking his thumb at Sterling.

The grocer nodded and grinned to the entire satisfaction of the purchaser, who now went forth, with his head in the air, whistling a shrill tune.

The coast being clear, Mr. Sterling came forward. "Bird," said he, "I couldn't hear precisely, but did—ah—did Mrs.—Mrs. Birney, you know—did she order only a single chicken for her Thanksgiving dinner?"

"I would never tell anybody else," said the grocer, his voice assuming a tone tragically low, "but to you, Mr. Sterling, I will frankly admit that she did."

"I feared so; yes, I did. And it isn't enough, Bird; you and I know that it isn't."

"Of course it isn't. I never felt more helplessly sympathetic in my life," replied Mr. Bird feelingly.

"Suppose you send up—let's see, she ought to have a turkey. By jingo! she's got to have it! Here, Bird, take out that big fellow—he's the biggest, ain't he?—yes. Send him up to her with 'Many happy returns from'—etc., etc.; sabe?"

Early on the following afternoon, which was bright and clear, the Widow Birney was preparing her chicken, and the odor of singed hair and burned paper consequent upon the operation of "dressing" was still quite perceptible about the kitchen, when the pair of turkeys, duly tagged, were laid down.

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Mrs. Birney sank into a chair, wiped her fingers mechanically on a towel, and sat there, neglecting her chicken, to gaze in wonder at the blinking fowls.

"Mr. Brannagan and Mr. Sterling," she gasped. "They are very kind, but what in the world will I do with the things—now?"

Mrs. Birney was a woman of resources, gifted with a heritage of common-sense quite uncommon. In less than half an hour her practical mind had evolved a scheme. She went at once to the "store."

"Mr. Bird," said she, "you told me that turkeys were six dollars apiece at the least, did you not?"

"They run from six to eight, but I mentioned six to you, Mrs. Birney."

"And chickens are worth one dollar."

"Chickens one."

"Now, Mr. Bird, I want to exchange those turkeys for chickens. Six and six are twelve. Suppose we call it a baker's dozen, and you give me thirteen chickens for the turkeys—alive, you know."

"Certainly, Mrs. Birney," he said. "I can make the arrangement. I might not be willing to do it for every one, but if it's a favor to you I will gladly exchange."

In his own particular cottage, Mr. Sterling was smiling at the thought of his cleverness in sending the turkey to the widow. He was sewing buttons on a baby's shoe and stabbing his fingers with the needle with admirable regularity and fortitude. On the floor, not far away, Tottie was seated, playing with a most peculiar doll.

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"Papa, fix dolly's face," said the child, coming at length to his side.

It now transpired that "dolly" was a bottle, whose arms were a part of her dress, the whole being firmly secured about the neck, which thereby performed, as well, all the functions of a waist. The doll's face was done in ink on a very large cork. Papa did a brand new countenance with inimitable art and dexterity, which increased the number of faces on the cork to three and left ample room for another, all of them looking in different directions.

"There," said he, shaking down the clothes to conceal the plump, green body.

He resumed his sewing. "Now, Tottie," he remarked later on, as he placed her tiny feet again on the floor in the mended shoes, "don't forget to tell Mrs. Birney that you and papa are very lonely because we haven't any mamma any more, will you?"

"No, I won't ferdits"

"Does Tottie like Mrs. Birney?"

"Yeth."

He carried her forth to Bulwer's, where one of the stout young lads was ready to take her the rest of her journey on his sled.

What she said to the widow was more than Sterling knew for many a day. But she returned, clasping a palpitating chicken.

"Why—what's this?" asked the much-astounded father.

"It ith Thammy, my Thammy, Mith Birney dib him to me," said the tot proudly.

"LOOK, TOTTIE! SAMMY HAS LEFT YOU AND PAPA A FAIRY GIFT"

"Sammy? Mrs. Birney? What do you mean? Why, she hasn't any live chickens!"

"Yeth, she hathe lothe of chickies," protested the child, "and she dibed Thammy to me to pay wif."

Mr. Sterling proceeded at once to Bird's, where he learned the fate of his turkey.

He was furious. His turkey traded for chickens!—and along with a turkey of Brannagan's! He stamped his way home in a feverish hurry. He would chop the head from the wretched "Sammy" and send it, in scorn, to the widow.

But when he came home Tottie stood in the door, her chicken hugged close to her.

"Oh, poppie," said the child, "thee Thammy. He kitheth baby's hand." And so very far was Mr. Sterling from "severing connections" between the head and neck of Sammy, that he found himself building a coop for the creature that very night.

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He went with Tottie to a friend's house to dinner on the following day, and voted Thanksgiving a fraud when at last he retired.

The months went by, and the spring came. Brannagan sought the widow and laid his heart at her feet. She gave him back his proffered all, and yet managed to retain him for an earnest, loyal friend.

With the weeks that went an affection grew and flourished between little Tottie and her crested Sammy. Wherever the child was at play the chicken could be found. Mr. Sterling bore with the queer reminder of his turkey with a patience that would any time have been a credit to Job. And this in the face of the fact that he had recently lost nearly everything he owned in stocks.

It was not a difficult matter—on seeing a box of eggs at the grocer's, that had come from the flock of chickens which his turkey had helped to furnish—to take a roundabout climb and get a bird's-eye view of the Birney yard. There he discovered that the place was alive with hens and chickens and amateur roosters beginning to practice at crowing.

"By jingo!" said the astonished man, "I believe, after all, she was sensible—yes, she was—remarkably, marvelously sensible! And I have been a blundering dunce!"

Through all the summer and fall Sterling grubbed patiently on the hillside, but luck always eluded him. Toil as he would he could not strike gold in paying quantities. Thanksgiving came again and found him unsuccessful and entirely disheartened.

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Mrs. Birney had invited Tottie and him to dine with her that day. Early in the afternoon came Tottie and her "poppy," closely tagged by Sammy.

Mrs. Birney gave the three a hearty welcome, her eyes alight with pleasure, her face all rosy from her labors in the kitchen.

"You will have to excuse me," she gayly remarked. "I am very busy still with the preparations. Suppose you show Tottie the pictures in Robinson Crusoe?"

Her kitchen door was wide open, and Sammy stalked aloft inside, quietly gleaning the crumbs from the floor. Suddenly the two in the parlor were aware of a crash and a suppressed exclamation.

"Mr. Sterling, leave Tottie and come out here a moment, please." Mrs. Birney's face was pale as it showed in the doorway.

"Tottie, look at all the funny pictures," said the tender parent as he went, and closed the door behind him.

"Oh," said the widow, in evident distress, "a dreadful thing has happened! That largest crock fell down and it struck the baby's chicken and killed it. But what can we say to the child—her day will be ruined!"

The man was almost dumb. "If she sees it dead her heart will be broken," said he.

"Let me see," she replied; "if I pick it at once, and clean it, she would never know it from these in the pan—and then I could roast it and you could take it home for to-morrow. There is no use in letting it go to waste."

"How well you always understand!" Sterling said. "No better plan could possibly be devised. What shall I say to Tottie?"

"Tell her some beautiful story of chicken angels—some lovely place where Sammy has gone to be happy, and let her have a little cry, poor child. And tell her she can have another Sammy from the flock."

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The two were snuggled close together when the widow came suddenly into the room.

"Look, Tottie!" she cried in a joyous voice, "your Sammy has left you and papa a fairy gift that will make him rich and very happy!"

She held in her hand the whitish pouch that once had lined the gizzard of the fowl. Mixed with the gravel in it were tiny nuggets and grains of virgin gold, garnered by Sammy from the hill to which Tottie had so often led the way. The bonanza for which the man had so long and vainly sought was lying in the shadow of his house.

A silence followed Sterling's joyous cry. Suddenly, with a quick little movement, Tottie ran to Mrs. Birney and buried her face in the ample folds of the widow's apron. "Mithus Birney thayed she 'anted Tottie to tum an' be her 'ittle dirl, an' hab all the chickens," she sobbed, "an' I 'ant her for my mammy."

And the blushing, smiling, radiant Mrs. Birney caught up the child gently and ran swiftly away with her to the kitchen.

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HUTT

SIXTH CHAPTER

THE following morning Louise was drawn to her windows before she could take time to dress, just to make sure that the beauty of her surroundings had not vanished over night. It would seem that at this late date in the history of the earth mankind might have grown accustomed to finding this planet intact every morning, but the majority of people confess to a desire for reassurance on this point every twenty-four hours, or at least they go through the form of ocular inquiry by instinct and habit.

Nothing had changed that morning, at Weecapaug, except the time of day, whose influence upon every seascape is important. The sea may swell, roll, lie in placid calm, break or dash just before sunset, but it never dances during that hour. Its merriest moods are reserved for the forenoon, and that morning when Louise looked out of her window, forgetful of her flowing hair and night attire, the waves were carrying on at a great rate, laughing and carolling in their white caps among themselves while they moved about in the dance called by mariners "a sea chop." The sun looked on in bright approval.

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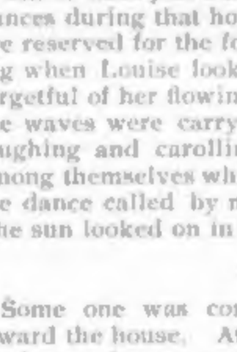
Some one was coming from the bridge toward the house. At first Louise could but dimly see it was a man moving, but as he approached she saw a tall, well-proportioned figure dressed in what resembled cavalier fashion but proved to be gray corduroy trousers tucked into high rubber boots, a navy-blue flannel shirt with suspenders hung over the shoulders, and a soft, gray felt hat rolled lightly on one side. The front of the hatbrim shaded the man's face, which Louise could not have seen had it been visible at that distance. On he came, with long, slow strides, bearing in one hand a tin pail and on the opposite shoulder a gun.

So engrossed had Louise been with the picturesque individual that she forgot herself and her negligee, but suddenly a voice from the porch beneath called out, "Where be yu goin', Ol?" and the man looked up to reply.

Louise moved quickly back with the thought, "That must be Doctor Layton's fisherman friend. He looks more like a cowboy than any fisherman I ever saw."



A Salvation Army Lass and

When dressed she rapped on her father's door. At his invitation she entered and found him sitting by his window arrayed in his usual garments, including a frock coat, reading the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. After the morning salutation Louise took hold of the Professor's coat sleeve, demanding, "Do you expect to rough it down here in your best clothes? Look at me in this old dress I wore on the boat, and then come out and peep at the most picturesque biped I ever beheld in America. He will shame you out of city clothes. Where is that old smoking jacket I put in the trunk?"

She went down on her knees before his trunk, hauled out the jacket triumphantly, and helped him make the change, explaining at the same time about the picturesque biped.

"Hurry, now, dear," she said. "Perhaps we will catch a glimpse of him."

At that moment the cowbell summoned them to breakfast. "Father," continued Louise, "do you suppose Miss Melissa will gargle her mouth with her tea before she drinks it at every meal?"

"Oh, did you observe that peculiarity, too, Louise? I am naturally unobserving, as you know, but that peculiar utilization of a beverage for rinsing purposes struck me painfully. I do not wish to be critical, but such a breach of table etiquette seemed to me unpardonable. How did it appear to you?"

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"It struck me 'all of a heap,' as I heard her say yesterday; but you are always preaching to me 'manners do not make the man,' though to my mind they certainly do mar him when they are so bad. However, we are pledged only to see the best side of this picture, and I am hungry—something I haven't been for six months—so come on."

Breakfast was served them alone. Only Miss Melissa appeared to attend to their wants. As she helped them to creamed flounder, Johnnie cake, currant jelly, ginger cakes, cold apple pie, and coffee with real cream, she remarked, "Ol's out yonder waitin' to see yu. Doc writ him one o' the letters yu brung down, an' he stepped in, as he's goin' 'long up, to see yu."

"Can he wait, or had I better go out and see him now?" asked Louise, half rising from her seat.

"Set still. Don't let yure victuals turn cold fur Ol. He's al'ays got time to spare."

"Can we engage this fisherman to take us out in his boat?" again interrogated Louise.

"Dunno. He's got his own mind 'bout folks. If he takes a notion to yu he'll carry yu anywheres yu've a mind to go; if he don't he'll jus' give yu all the room yu want to yure selves. There's the Doctor's woman as was. He allowed there wa'n't no use fur her on lan' or sea, an' accordin' he never seemed to git any time to take her out even once in the boat."

"Does this discriminating individual find time to take you and your boarders out, Miss Stillman?" again questioned Louise in her tone which cut.

"Me! Take me! Take me in a boat!" cried Melissa with increasing emphasis, standing still, with a dish of potatoes clasped in both hands. "Well, I cal'late he'll not any time soon git the chance! Land o' love! I've lived here goin' on fifty year an' ain't never stepped inside a boat. I guess not! Them's likes risks likes 'em—them as don't——" and she signified the alternative by a movement of her head from side to side as though it were too heavy with ideas to hold erect.

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"Tell us about the fisherman, won't you, Miss Stillman? Was he born in this neighborhood?"

Then Melissa turned into her smile as she took a chair, settling herself comfortably for a gossip. "About Ol Peckham? Land, no! He wa'n't born here; he were born over yonder on the river by Shannock. His folks follered the sea; his own father were a Captain o' a fishin' smack, but they w's a wuthless lot, all but Ol, an' when the ole man an' woman died they left a whole pack o' boys—the woods w's full o' 'em—to be farmed out round the country. Ol he were took by ole man Clarke an' his woman, an' I can't say's I allow they done much by him, cussin', swearin' lot they be, though they's my own second cousins. They done by him sim'lar to what they done by their own two rapscallin' sons, but that aint sayin' much. Nary one had any schoolin' to speak of, but Ol he's the best o' the lot furst an' las'."

A Young Buddhist Priest

As she paused here, Louise, who was much interested, asked as a spur to her tongue, "Where do those people live?"

"Clarkes? Oh, a mile or so up the road," waving her hand toward the west, "almost to the head o' the pond. They're the kind as knows how to handle a dollar'n make it two. Besides the farm, they runs a shore-dinner house up there an' part interest in the fishin' bizness down here. Ol he does the fishin', an' owns his camp yu see yonder alongside o' the first sand-hill. In winter time he helps 'em farm it.

"He's jus' 's gentle's a lamb with 'em, but he knows how to shut 'em up, an' that's more'n any other one does, an' he's dreadful smart 'bout work if he be powerful slow doin' it. I heard ole man Clarke say to his woman once, 'Drusilly, shut up yure mouth. I've stood more'n I ought to from yu fur fourty year. If yu don't jus' dry up'—an' he swore awful—'I'll go out an' hang myself,' an' she ups with a clothesline an' says, 'Come right along, Abe Clarke, the sooner the better fur all concerned. I'll help yu with pleasure.' An' then yu may be sure he wa'n't so keen 'bout goin'."

"That looks as though she knew how to manage him, anyway," said Louise, exchanging glances with her father, who had stopped eating and put on his glasses to listen to this narrative. He always insisted he could hear better with his glasses on.

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"Well, she do if any one do besides Ol. Now, if yu're full I'll call him in," said Miss Melissa finally.

"Can't we go out to him if he is on the porch?" asked the Professor, looking at his watch.

"Jus' 's yu like," replied Melissa. "I'd like to say furst, though, we don't git no dinner till meetin's over, an' so it'll be later'n yistaday."

"Church service, do you mean, madam? Why, I'm all turned around, Louie. I certainly thought this was Saturday."

"That's right 'nough," returned Melissa, "but Sat'day's the real Lord's Day; it's our Sabbath; we're all o' us Seventh-Day folks 'bout here."

"Interesting, indeed!" exclaimed the Professor. "I can hardly imagine this lady as the product of a Jewish community; and you, Louie?"

They were following Melissa out on to the porch, and Louise only had time to say in a low tone, "I hardly think she means Jews. She meant Seventh-Day Baptists, I think, whatever they may be."

As they stepped out on to the porch the man, Ol Peckham, was sitting on the step, sighting his gun at some object as though he were about to shoot.

"Ol Peckham! Quit it! Don't you shoot them turkeys! Don't!" screamed Melissa, wabbling toward him at a great rate.

"Melissy, jus' take a reef in yure sail. I ain't a-goin' to tetch 'em, but sure's anything I'd like to drop a shot through the whiskers o' that gobbler, jus' to see what he'd do," and he looked up at them all with a slow smile growing about his mouth as though it could not hurry any.

He bestowed on them a measuring glance from soft-brown, faithful eyes protected by long, dark "winkers," as he called his eyelashes. His skin was of the sunburnt-bronze common to all seafaring people who are exposed to the sun. The line of his chin was gentle without a decided suggestion of either weakness or firmness, the flesh being rounded over a short jawbone. A large nose blunted at the end was the strongest feature of his face, but the truth is, the real Ol Peckham was to be seen only in the depth of those unfathomable eyes.

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He stood up slowly and rested the gun, barrel up, carefully against a corner made by the porch, where it joined on to the house while Melissa was saying, "Ol, here be the Doctor's folks if yu want to see 'em."

"Glad to make yure acquaintance," said Ol, taking off his hat and holding it in his hand. "Doc said yu'd be 'long at an early date, but I didn't cal'late on its bein' soon's this 'till my cousin Jim brung me the letter along 'th yu folks."

Louise Fremont's manner when first meeting people was always dignified and graceful, but seldom cordial. She rarely held out her hand to new acquaintances, but when Ol Peckham smiled up at her an inexplicable impulse came to Louise to give him her hand in greeting, and she smiled, too, as she did frequently at her father, but at few other people, as she said:

"We are very glad to meet the Doctor's friend. He told me about you. This is my father, Professor Fremont."

The Professor's manner with strangers was as childlike, frank and sincere as his nature. He, too, shook Ol by the hand.

"My daughter and I think we have found a wonderfully beautiful place in coming to your home."

Ol let his hand drop limply out of the Professor's as he replied, "It's real pleasant, ain't it?"

It is generally conceded that the way a man shakes hands is indicative of his character. This may be, so far as surface indications are to be trusted, when the man is habituated to metropolitan forms of salutation; but when he is an Oriental, or when he has been born and bred in a country neighborhood, where the inhabitants salute each other with a brief nod upon all occasions, the limp handshake which Ol Peckham and the majority of his kind give does not necessitate a limpness of disposition. Country folks do not know how to express themselves through the medium of their hands except by way of manual labor.

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Meeting these city people did not embarrass Oliver Peckham, but shaking hands with them did. He looked down at his hat and his rough, brown hands permanently calloused by hard rowing, hauling lobster pots, pitching seaweed, helping farm "back at the house," and the many other duties he performed in his dual existence as fisherman and farmer. Only for a moment did this new consciousness fill him, then he looked up, saying, in his slow, kind voice:

"I be goin' back on the hills fur a solitary chance at them quail an' pattridges before the law's off, but I'll be back this forenoon—after dinner, anyway—an' if yu folks'd like a row up the pond after dinner I'll be on hand at the bridge, along o' my boat, to take yu 'long 'th me's I be goin' up home fur some clam bait an' oysters. That's why I've got on them boots a dry day."

"That is very kind of you. Won't we be in the way?" asked Louise, doubtful as to whether this was an invitation or a business proposition.

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"Yu won't if Ol says there's room fur yu," said Melissa smiling. "He is very pa'tic'ler who he takes along."

"By gum! Melissy! Be yu tadpolin' 'round here yet? I allowed yu'd gone in to 'tend chores an' boss Sade, long ago," said Ol in the bantering tone he always used with her.

"Ain't yu got no eyes in yure head lef', Ol Peckham? But I were jus' 'bout to go, anyways. Sade an' me's both goin' to meetin'," with which retort she turned and entered the house.

"OL"

The Professor had seated himself, and Louise stood leaning against a post as Ol made a move to go, saying, "I mus' git a move on, same's Melissy, even if 'tain't along the same road to hell. Yu know she 'lows we're all sinners bound fur hell, an' I 'low if I do's good's I know how in this world I ain't goin' to a worse, sinner or no sinner."

"That's sound doctrine, my man," said the Professor, immediately on the alert for moral philosophy from a son of toil. "What's the church this lady says she attends?"

"Seventh-Day Baptists they calls theirselves, an' stands out as how they's the only ones as keeps the right Sunday. But I mus' be movin' or them quails 'll git to the North Pole before I git a shot at 'em."

"Just one moment, my man," said the Professor, detaining him; "if that is Block Island off there, then this must be the region celebrated in song by the poet Whittier in his poem of the lost ship, Palatine. Did you ever hear of such a ship?"

"There be two or three wrecks—jus' the spars lef'—goin' from here to the Pier. I don't jus' recollect any wrecks along here o' that name. Say it again, will yu, boss?"

"Palatine," repeated the Professor. "It is the story of a mysterious light rising from the region of Block Island, I believe——"

"Oh! the haunted ship's what yu're after," interrupted Ol. "I seen it myself, an' my father an' gran'father before me."

"Have you really? How exciting!" exclaimed Louise, looking almost as eager as her words sounded. "I can't see that Block Island they say is off there. Can you?"

"Listen now, Louise," interrupted the Professor dreamily. "Don't you know Whittier's old tale in verse? Every schoolgirl knows it." As the Professor repeated the musical story to the end of its rhythmic description Ol sat as one entranced; he could not take his eyes off the Professor, and at the end of the recital, after the words,

> "It is known to us all, they quietly say;
> We, too, have seen it in our day,"

he broke in with, "Yu've got the very words o' it! My gran'father uset to set mendin' nets an' tellin' us kids 'bout the burnin' ship 'till my backbone 'ed wriggle like a mack'rel jus' off the hook."

"Tell me about the haunted ship as you saw it, won't you?" pleaded Louise.

"Well, perhaps I will when Doc comes an' I take the hul o' yu out to sea in the moonlight. He says as that story belongs o' the dead o' the night."

"Will you take us out in the moonlight, to sea? That would be perfect!" exclaimed Louise.

"'Tis fur them's likes it," he replied, shouldering his gun and picking up his pail. "I can't be tadpolin' round here any longer. I'll be back here by one o'clock anyway, an' yu be ready when I call in fur yu. Doc says to me in his letter, 'If I can't cure her yu mus',' so we'd better make a beginnin' right away. See yu later," and with his inclusive kindly glance directed at them, by way of salutation, he moved on briskly, as if afraid of further delay, and disappeared around the corner of the house.

"That man has a figure recalling the Olympian games! What a race the Americans would be if they lived out-of-doors more and stopped hurrying!" remarked the Professor.

"Yes, but did you notice the expression of his eyes? They look as if they loved the whole world and everybody in it. I have only seen that look twice before; once in the face of a Salvation Army lass, and again in the eyes of a young Buddhist priest of the traveling order—the one we met in Constantinople. Don't you remember him, father?"

"I think I recall the priest. I remember how interesting the information was that he gave me about his order to which Buddha himself belonged, but I cannot say that I recall his expression."

"I do, distinctly, because it was such a rare and beautiful one. This man Ol, as they call him, has not the spirituality of the priest, but he has the same benevolence, charity—Oh, I don't know how to express it, but I know he is happy. Come on, Professor, dear, let us wander—not 'neath the wild wood,' but on the sands, where we can comment upon the remarks of the wild waves."

Of the same family's we send the President for Thanksgiving

And they did wander, but not for long. The Professor was in the habit of making his little joke, when people insisted upon his taking long tramps, by insisting in return that his spirit was willing but his wind was weak, which remark Louise insisted "wasn't a bit like father."

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They soon rested to leeward of the wind, leaning against the base of a dune. But though they became deeply engrossed in discussing whether Carlyle was right when he said, "On the whole, we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults, the greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none," which Professor Fremont read aloud, they reached the house in time for dinner and were ready for Ol when he came.

"Better carry 'long some thick things, I'm thinkin', fur we're on the aidge o' the fall o' the year, an' if the wind swings 'round to the northerd before evenin' yu might ketch a chill comin' back," remarked Ol to Louise.

She took his advice at once, like an obedient child. Ol Peckham was one of the kind who never wasted an opinion for the sake of self-importance; therefore, people instinctively accepted it when offered, as coin with the true ring. When she came back with an extra coat for her father and a wrap for herself, Ol took them both from her hands, swinging them alongside his gun on his shoulder as he said, "Yu'd ought to ha' brung ole clothes down here. My boat's 's good a craft 's yu'll find cruisin' 'round, but nobody can't nohow keep her's well rid up's a parlor, an' she do smell fishy after we've ketched a barrel or two o' sculp or striped bass or mack'rel out o' her."

"I don't believe your boat will do this dress of mine any damage—it has reached its last stages," said Louise, smiling.

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"Jus' 's yu say, but it looks pretty good to me—lay low there! Squat! Oh! yu can't! Hush! There's a hawk! See it? Lay low an' I'll have it!"

The Fremont's from sheer astonishment stood perfectly still, while Ol dropped pail and wraps, cocked his gun, raised it to his shoulder and waited. From an easy-going expression his face had changed to that of an animal watching its prey—the look of the huntsman. The eye not occupied in sighting narrowed into the alert, voracious slit of a cat's when she hears a mouse. Ol began to sink downward from the knees, shortening his height as he slunk silently toward the wall at the side of the road.

"Sh!" he said. "See her? The big pirate! I'll knock yistaday out o' her before she knows it." Off went the first shot.

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"By Gui! The ole buzzard! I'll put the powder to her! Now! Where was Moses when the light went out?"

At the second shot, the hawk, which had circled round and round after the first discharge cut her wing, fell almost at their feet, Ol having made a fine shot the second time through the breast. The Professor had jumped all over at the explosion of the double-barrel shot-gun so near his head, and Louise turned pale as she looked at the bleeding bird. She had never witnessed any form of death before. Ol seemed like a murderer to her at the moment.

Neither spoke, but Ol nonchalantly picked up the bird, remarking, "She'd ought to know'd better'n to come my way. It's the furst an' las' learnin' on that pint she'll git, ain't it?" addressing Professor Fremont.

"Certainly! Certainly!" replied he nervously. "This is sport to you, I presume."

"The bes' kind. Ain't it to yu?" asked Ol, surprised.

"Not exactly, my man. I served some time in the late war, and have never wanted to touch a gun or sword since."

"Oh, it's the bes' sport goin'. Course all such things be only enjoyable in the practice. Doc Layton, he handles a gun nex' to me in these parts."

They walked on while Ol related a tale illustrative of Doctor Layton's prowess as a crack shot, but Louise showed no interest; her mind was still on death as a horror, not as a sport. Finally she asked, "Do you think it is right to kill the innocent birds?"

"Innercent! Them ole pirates innercent! Land sakes, he's a bird o' prey—kills every chicken he can. There be a bounty on every single hawk-bill carried to Shannock."

"But you seem to like to kill, while in every other way you seem so kind," she replied, looking at him almost sorrowfully.

REAL RHODE ISLAND SWEETINGS

"I cal'late 'tain't the killin' I likes—it's the hittin'—don't think nothin' 'bout killin'. If a ston'd git up an' fly I'd enjoy shootin' it jus' 's well. It's the sport—but women folks wa'n't built fur it." Louise said no more, but she never became entirely converted to his opinion.

When they were safely settled in the boat, with the Professor in the bow "to keep her head down," and Louise in the stern seat, Ol stood up facing the bow, rowing with long, powerful strokes of the ten-foot oar as he stood. Louise almost forgot her recent shock in admiration of the romantic figure he made standing thus, the play of the muscles of his back and arms showing through the flannel shirt.

"Them fall tides be runnin' swift. Standin's easier'n settin' against one runnin' out's fast's this be. Wait till Doc comes to-morrow an' we'll make a team no tide'll turn."

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"Do I understand that this Doctor Layton is coming here to-morrow?" inquired the Professor, holding on to his soft black hat with one hand and his handkerchief with the other.

"That's about the size o' it, if the biler don't bust on the way down from New York. He al'ays comes sure's Sunday the hul o' September an' stays down through October 'ceptin' once in a while a trip to the city fur his patients."

"Louise, did you understand that Doctor Layton was coming down here to-morrow?" called the Professor from his end of the boat to hers.

"No, father; he said nothing about it to me. Is he?" she called back.

Ol said to the Professor, "I'll tell her. The wind is breezin' up, an' talkin' ain't easy against it," with which he turned around and seated himself, continuing to row in the ordinary way. "Yes, he's comin'." He now addressed Louise. "He al'ays does. The folks round here'd all die off if he didn't. To be sure, there's doctors in Shannock, but they ain't no good 'longside o' him, an' folks knows it. Round here fur miles they all put off bein' sick till the fall o' the year, when he's sure to come, an' they'll git off without payin' nothin'."

WITH A DISH OF POTATOES CLASPED IN BOTH HANDS

"Do you mean to say he never charges the people about here for his services?" asked Louise interestedly.

"Not a livin' cent. He cut some blurs off Ann Randall's eyes las' fall an' they'd been growin' on fur years same as barnacles on a vessel's hulk. Nobody couldn't cure 'em, but he jus' took 'em off in a minute an' he ain't charged a cent. He's the best man livin', Doc is. Why, he says how his folks havin' come from Shannock, he owes a duty by the hul neighborhood fur makin' 'em's decent's they be. Didn't he find ole Israel Downer livin' on the pore-farm two years ago, an' because he were a pore relation of Doc's gran'mother's—'bout forty-fifth cousin—he took him out an' carried him to the ole whippin'-post house on the post-road an' set him up housekeepin' there on his own account, along with the widdy Brown to do chores an' things fur him."

"I'm glad to hear such good accounts of Doctor Layton from the people who know him best," replied Louise, whose mind was growing confused with the contradictory images of the eye specialist presented to her recently.

"Anybody'll tell yu he can't be beat," continued Ol; then he began to point out small, clustering islands covered with low trees and bushes and "pisen ivy," as he called that deceptive parasite.

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These small islands increased in number as the pond broadened and swept inland for about a quarter of a mile, forming a cove. Louise asked many questions about the place and people, all of which Ol answered patiently and humorously. He seemed to have a kind word to say about every one—even a criticism from him was never harsh. Finally they drifted into silence. The Professor had taken out his small pocket volume and was reading, but Louise wished for nothing more than to glide along in indolent enjoyment of Nature's allurements spread out on every hand in unusual variety. As Ol began to row ashore he said to her:

"Do yu see that orchard an' them turkeys to the right han' o' the shore-dinner house?" indicating the place by throwing his hand backward as he continued rowing.

"Yes," she replied.

"Them turkeys is o' the same family's we send the President's Thanksgivin' turkey from some years, an' them apples be Rhode Island sweetings—the kind folks swears by. I'll fetch yu some o' 'em when I come back from the house." He drew them up to a small wooden dock, to which he fastened the boat, then walked up to the house which stood on an elevation above the orchard of sweetings and greenings, whose limbs were knotted as though full of rheumatic old age.

"Father, I am breathing the breath of life," said Louise, looking at him lazily after Ol disappeared.

"It does me good to see you so happy, Louie, dear," he replied.

"I believe this place is what I have been waiting for all my life," she said, looking back toward the sand dunes.

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Nothing more was said or heard but the gurgle of the water under the boat and its swishing against the bow, until Oliver came back in what for him was a hurry. Handing Louise two delicate green apples out of his pail, he said, "Take a try at them sweetings. They be real good. Who d' yu think's come?"

"I don't know," she replied. "Who?"

"Doc! He walked 'cross lots, an' stopped to see Ann Randall, who's complainin', on the way 'long, allowin' I'd be cruisin' round somewheres or one o' the boys'd carry him down to the camp. If yu ain't no reason against it, we'll stow him in somewheres an' carry him down 'long 'th us. Do yu mind?"

"Mind! Of course not. This is your boat. Tell him we will be glad to have him go back with us," replied Louise, and Ol disappeared again by way of the orchard.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HENRIETTA'S SERIOUS MOMENT

By SARAH M. H. GARDNER

With Drawings by JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE is a peculiar sense of satisfaction in the decline of a clear autumnal day. The promise of the morning, like the promise of the Spring, has been fulfilled. The richness of Nature lies before us, with keen content bordering the knowledge of possession.

The true farmer, the tiller of the soil who appreciates his blessings, has earned this satisfaction, and, if he be a man of simple mind, quietly gives rein to his moods, and refuses to be tortured by visions of a coming frost, and the long cold of an early winter.

Something of this kind was passing through Deborah Nestle's mind, as she watched her beloved husband, marching, path by path, around the neat garden, and at length resting his well-padded elbows on the topmost bar of the barnyard gate. It faced the full west, whence the sun was rapidly traveling in gorgeous state. The maples and beeches were flaming in scarlet and gold, and the light-limbed elms swayed gently in the summer breeze.

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In the triangular inclosure called by courtesy "the little pasture," several young calves were loudly calling for their supper. Deborah could see them one by one reaching their silky noses through the bars. The spotted calf was her favorite, and she hurried from the window lest she be tempted to disturb her husband's reverie by a request that he feed the petted creatures.

Below, within the barnyard and beneath a lightly thatched shed, her son Reuben sat on a milking-stool. As she went toward the kitchen she could hear the patter of the milk streaming into the huge pail, but she could also hear something else. A fresh young voice chirruping like a bird, sometimes in articulate words, sometimes in laughter, and now and then, when she paused at the open door, she caught glimpses of a vivid creature, fluttering about like a huge butterfly, among the cows. Deborah was wondering why Sukey, the Devon, was not excited thereby, and disposed to upset the milking-pail.

Then a querulous voice sounded in her ear, and she turned to meet the flushed face of her daughter, Anna Mary.

"What disturbs thee?" she asked.

"I am only vexed for Reuben's sake—how can he bear to be so tormented? Henrietta does nothing but dance hither and yon, and, dressed like a clown as she is, it is quite enough to irritate the whole herd of cows; besides, she chatters incessantly, and thee knows our Reuben is no lover of much talk. I don't believe that girl ever has had one single serious moment."

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"Be not concerned, my dear; the cares of this world come slowly to some, but the child is not to be spared. In God's own time will she learn the lesson."

"Surely thee does not approve of her——"

"Thee is right, Anna Mary. I should gladly see Henrietta garbed otherwise, and of a more thoughtful temper, but her serious moments will dawn, and, if I mistake not, the very restlessness which she is now exhibiting holds promise of energy and a certain quickness of perception that may make a useful woman. Do not burden thy mind with regard to her present way of living. She is only childish."

The young caretaker sighed. "I was only thinking of Reuben," she said thoughtfully.

Perhaps it was a thought of the unhappiness brought into staid households by the frivolities of a gay girl that burdened her, and she could not coax herself away from the neighborhood of the barnyard. Indeed, she walked slowly down to the low stone wall that inclosed the milker and his companion, and tried to attract the girl without.

"Reuben," called Henrietta, "let me sit on that stool."

He was about to remove his pail to another cow's side, but at this request he paused. The girl balanced herself with difficulty, then the one slight leg slipped to one side, and she rolled ignominiously over.

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"Henrietta!" called Anna Mary, "thee will muss thy clothing."

"I don't care; I must learn how to milk, and Reuben said that the very first thing was to learn to balance the stool right."

Again and again she made the trial, until, weary of waiting, Reuben fetched another from the barn.

"That isn't fair. You will get all the cows milked before I am ready."

The thought of that wondrous creature in the colors of the rainbow and the fleeciness of the summer clouds, milking, was very tempting to the young man, and he sedately waited, until, having twice rested for a moment uneasily on the stool, the girl called defiantly, "Ready!"

First she sat on the wrong side of the cow, then she caught her vigorously by the foreleg.

It was very funny to the quiet man, who vainly instructed her, for Henrietta chattered incessantly, drowning his instructions, and forever saying:

"I must experiment, of course."

But her persistence won the field, and, at a moment when Anna Mary had well-nigh lost all patience with this "nonsense," the girl actually succeeded in covering the bottom of the bucket with milk.

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"I expect I could fill the pail in ten minutes," she said triumphantly. "Reuben does it in five; but I guess I won't milk any more to-night—it makes my back ache." Then she dashed off to the house, and, having washed her little hands, returned to continue the torment.

"Reuben, don't you like company? I don't believe you would ever get the least bit lonely if I lived here all the time."

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WITH THE CHILDREN. *By William S. Lord*

I WAS sitting alone one evening,
  Counting the tireless tick
Of the clock that hung in the corner,
  Until drowsiness played me a trick.

From out of the hallway came romping,
  As children so often will,
A dear little girl and her brother,
  And rudely I bade them be still.

The face of fair Ethel grew solemn,
  And Jamie looked suddenly sad,
While his lips asked the pertinent question:
  "Ethel, what makes papa bad?"

How quickly my heart then relented,
  And, gathering one to each knee,
I told them a wonderful story
  Of the wonderful days to be.

They listened with eager attention
  Until happiness shone on each face.
Ere long they were slumbering sweetly,
  And my lap was their nestling-place.

Then I lifted them ever so gently—
  But that was the end of my joy.
For I woke from the dream I was dreaming,
  And I've no little girl or boy.

—From "Hush-a-By Baby."

"Not much," he answered mechanically.

"Reuben, I'm sure I love you better than your mother and sister do——"

"What did thee say?"

"You see, if I lived here I should make a cushion for your milk stool, and maybe a back to it, and they don't; so, you see, I must love you best."

What young man in brown overalls would not find his bronzed cheeks aflame at such a question, put by a sixteen-year-old worldling? Possibly it might have been sad for Reuben's peace of mind and heart had not his good father immediately interposed.

"Sis, thee has a wonderful fund of nonsense. Save it up. Save it up. Some day thee will need it." Whereat the little visitor grew suddenly grave and went indoors. Henrietta's visit was a prolonged one, for an invalid father had been taken abroad, feeling a special release from care concerning the frivolous daughter since she was a member of this Quaker household.

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That she had no "Friendly" blood was soon made evident; she literally uprooted all their fixed habits of order and punctuality, and encroached very far upon the established principles, and had not Deborah Nestle's brood been thoroughly instructed to bear with one another, great must have been the disturbance. As it was, the mother heart of the good woman warmed toward the wayward girl and espied many hidden virtues.

The neighbors fell under her spell, and numerous young men, whose social opportunities were small, found a way to her acquaintance. Henrietta never lost a chance to ride to the village store, or to walk down at sunset after the mail. Rarely, indeed, did she return without a comrade, or at least the tale of an adventure, until her host was wont to remark:

"What now, Sis? I expect before thee leaves us to hear of an encounter with an African lion." Which, being repeated by her red lips, lost none of its spice, and became, indeed, one of the jokes retailed from the counter of the "General Country Trade Emporium" on a corner of the main street.

Sometimes it needed all Deborah Nestle's kindly reminders to reconcile Anna Mary. If Dinah found in her neat kitchen that pranks had been played with her utensils, or the bread rising disturbed, a cloud immediately overshadowed the daughter's brow; but patience prevailed, and the beautiful autumn was rapidly passing into chill winter, when Friend Nestle set out with his son for a two-days' journey after some famous seed corn that he desired to house, and thus have at hand when another season's requirements were upon them. It was rare that both men left the homestead.

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"Who will do the milking, Reuben?" asked Anna Mary, and her father's face was lighted by a quick, amused smile, as he replied by another query:

"Why not Henrietta?"

"I am sure I could if it were necessary. Don't you remember, Reuben, how fast I learned to milk the very first week that I came down here?"

"Then have I thy promise to do it?"

"Oh, no; for it isn't necessary."

"Well, Sis, if thee never practices, thy accomplishments may entirely fail thee when the critical moment comes."

There was a little pause of a moment, then the chatterbox said very seriously:

"I don't know; I believe, if a need came, a real need, I could do almost anything."

The two men laughed, and Anna Mary looked shocked at this assertion, but Deborah came to the girl's relief.

"Thee means that it is natural to rise to the occasion, and I am not sure but thee is perfectly right."

It seemed a bit lonely after the wagon rolled out of the yard, and Henrietta soon announced her intent to walk down to the village, and there, meeting one of her acquaintances, she related the story of Friend Nestle's little journey.

As she went homeward, she was accosted by a stranger whose face she recalled as one which she had seen in the post-office.

"I beg your pardon," the man said, and his polite manner instantly won her regard.

"I beg your pardon for the question, but I think I heard you say that Mr. Abraham Nestle was gone from home?"

"Yes."

"I had some business transactions with him, and hoped to conclude them to-day. His wife and son are perhaps at home?"

"Not Reuben," laughed the girl. "We are four lone women. A man from the back farm does the chores while they are away."

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"Four? Has Mr. Nestle, then, so many daughters?"

"Oh, no; he has only one. Mrs. Nestle is there, and old Dinah, the cook—but she is not old after all, only black people always seem so to me—and I—I am not a Nestle."

He joined her laughter.

"Hardly, I should imagine, since the family, I believe, is strictly of Quaker stock." He hesitated, and then added:

"And anti-slavery, I suppose, since the terms have become almost synonymous; and, judging from your statement, that they employ nig—negroes to work for them."

"They have only one. I rather guess she was a fugitive slave, for I asked her once where she came from and she said I was not to know. Oh, Dinah is very funny! I like well to tease her."

They were now in full sight of the Nestle homestead, and the polite stranger, after thanking her for her information, remarked that it might be well for him to wait over a day or two in the village, bade her good-day, and took another direction.

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It so happened that Dinah was at this time behind the garden hedge, gathering sweet herbs, and curiosity prompted her to see who was approaching. In a moment, she had flown to the house and was wildly telling her strange tale to Deborah.

"I'se seed ole Massa shore as I's born. Ole Massa a-comin' 'long o' leetle Misse. Oh! oh! I'se gwine to be catched an' sole away down Souf. Save me, good Missus!"

It was difficult to quiet the excited woman and to get at the root of the matter, and this attempt was still in progress when Henrietta returned. Now the facts were at hand, and a very few grave questionings brought a flood of light to the calm Quakeress and made her very anxious.

"How did thee come to impart so much information to a stranger?" she asked the young guest, after a thoughtful silence.

"He asked me, and he was very civil. I don't see why I should not answer him. What makes you all so worried about it?"

Evidently, she had no idea of the wrong she had done, and, Anna Mary signaling to her mother, the conversation was ended, and Dinah sent to her own chamber. Henrietta, too, was dismissed to the garden, and asked to have no further intercourse with strangers.

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"Mother," said Anna Mary," what are we to do? To-night, without fail, these slaveholders will make an effort to capture Dinah, and we have no person to depend upon. My! How unfortunate it is that father and Reuben both went!"

Deborah was absorbed in thought.

"I think," she said at last, "that I shall explain the whole situation to Henrietta."

"How can thee think of such a thing! Remember the wrong she has already done with her chattering."

"The child is well minded, and this may be a lesson that she will not forget. Never fear; I can trust her."

Anna Mary sighed. Her father had frequently said of her that she should have been named Martha.

When Deborah summoned her guest, she was sorry to see a shade of displeasure resting on the bright face, but in a gentle tone she asked leave to confide in her, and there was an instantaneous response.

When the story of Dinah's escape from slavery, and recovery from the illness which had followed her exposure, was finished, the good Friend came to the present dilemma.

"And now, we must in some way manage to get Dinah over to Solomon Pierce's. They will protect her, and make sure of her speedy arrival in Canada, which is really the 'Land of the Free.'" she said.

"Who will take Dinah? I should think she ought to go at once."

"Ah! That is my problem. Either Anna Mary or I could drive the old gray, but—we will be closely watched if we go."

"I will go," said Henrietta emphatically. "It is I who have done the wrong. Let me take the risk of righting it."

Deborah Nestle's breath was fairly taken away by this announcement. And for a moment she hesitated, but there was no hesitation on Henrietta's part.

"Trust me," she said; "I will not fail."

"I will think it over," answered Deborah, "and presently let thee know."

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Anna Mary was greatly disturbed at the decision. She could not reconcile the commission of such an undertaking to so frivolous a person, but there seemed no better way.

"Surely," she said, "whatever is to be done must be done at once, and neither thee nor I ought to go. Yet, father has the carryall, and there is no way to take Dinah but in an open wagon. Should she attempt the journey on foot, disaster would very likely follow."

Deborah pondered long. At last she rose, and going into Henrietta's room, she said solemnly: "It would appear that the hand of the Lord has appointed thee to be His ministering angel."

It was a vehicle with but one seat and an extended box in the rear that, close upon two o'clock on a bright, cool November day, went forth from the carriage house at the Nestle farm. The old gray horse was well groomed, and, as Henrietta clambered into the wagon, Deborah gave her the reins, saying impressively:

"Be careful, child; for although kind and quiet, there is a great deal of spirit in this old animal yet. Please wait a moment. I have a fresh spareribs and some of our fine roasting potatoes to send. Will thee give them to Solomon, with our remembrance?"

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A careful observer might have noticed a heavy lap-robe flung carelessly across the packages in the bottom, and, indeed, a good deal seemed bestowed thereon.

Henrietta drove gayly off, the two women smiling after her, and when they had returned to the sitting-room both watched her progress from the window until the turn in the road hid her from sight. Then the younger woman dropped into a chair, sighing heavily.

"I do not know that I ever was so disturbed in my life. Look, mother! There is that man on horseback again, that we have seen pass several times. Suppose he is Dinah's master and saw the wagon go out? What would become of the poor creature lying in the bottom?"

"We have done, my dear, all that our best judgment prompted, and now we must leave the event in the hands of our Great Helper. I have faith to believe she will be spared."

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The distance to Solomon Pierce's house was scarcely three miles, but a portion of the road led through a pine wood. Henrietta was familiar with the ground to be traversed, and, indeed, with the horse that she drove. While in the open they went briskly along, now and then passing a country team or a foot traveler. Henrietta's keen eye took in every feature of her surroundings, and when at last they neared the grove she lifted the whip from the socket, glanced along its firm lash, and mentally calculated its effect upon the gray. "I will put it to the test if I am followed," she thought.

Half way through the wood she met a rough wagon loaded with old iron. The noise of this passing metal prevented her quick ear from catching the sound of a rapidly advancing horseman, and when this became known to her her heart seemed to stand still. She did not even glance around until the rider, coming close by her side, spoke:

"I am glad that we meet again."

It was the voice of her companion of the morning, and the girl detected a false ring in his cheerful tone, but she leaned toward him and smilingly asked:

"Why! Where are you going?"

"Only out for a short gallop. What may be your destination?"

"I am carrying some potatoes and spareribs to Mr. Pierce for——"

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"Ah! I did not know it was time to kill pigs as yet." Henrietta's quick wit saved her.

"They kill one at a time here, and share with the neighbors."

"Truly a neighborly way. Perhaps you have, beside the spareribs, the pluck?"

"Oh, yes; a lot of pluck."

"Some creatures are all pluck, but not swine."

The girl hung her head. She could just catch a glimpse of Solomon Pierce's shining roof, and suddenly a memory of Deborah's frequent remark came clearly before her:

"There are serious moments in all our lives."

"I have an idea that talking would be much easier to both of us if I were sitting beside you in the wagon. Let me tie my 'rawbones' to the tail-board," said the gentleman. "Then we can converse at our ease." He drew back, but Henrietta cried out:

"Oh, no; it would be ever so much more fun to race. Let us start even. I think I have a little the best horse, but you have the lighter load. Now, I will count. Don't stir until I say three. One—two—three—go."

The lash was laid heavily on the old gray's flank—perhaps for the first time in his life. He responded nobly. Away they went—neck to neck—but there were no obstructions, and, in a few minutes, the girl was a length ahead, and kept gaining.

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Solomon Pierce was in the barn, and the unusual sight brought him down to the roadside. When Henrietta turned into his lane, and the stranger made a motion to follow, she shook her curls at him and shouted:

"Fairly won."

Whereupon he wheeled about, and was gone.

Solomon's astonishment underwent considerable extension when he beheld the freightage Henrietta had brought him.

"I declare, Sis," he cried, kindly patting her head, "thee must have had an anxious time of it. But thee need have no further fear; Dinah is in safe hands."

THEY WATCHED HER PROGRESS FROM THE WINDOW

FRANCIS WILSON AND HIS MOTHER

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTORS

II. FRANCIS WILSON

By GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

A TYPICAL suburban town with the characteristic flatness and grayness, then a drive for about a mile out among multi-colored desirable-looking residences, then another turn in the road, lined on either side with dignified elms and oaks, and you are at The Orchard. It is a large house, built in the centre of an exquisite bit of ground, indicating the general tastes of the country gentleman.

The host is on the veranda; he is a short, well-built man (I will say nothing about his legs—they are famous). Perhaps he is thirty; you guess forty; you wonder if he could be fifty—and then give it up in despair. Though short in stature, he is sturdy, with some of the lounging laziness of the college athlete not in training. His hair is hanging over his forehead carelessly, and you think: "He does look like Napoleon"; for you know one of Francis Wilson's fads.

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The keen bright eyes gleam you a simple welcome: "You are late."

"I come in sackcloth and ashes; I missed my train."

And this was the lion in his den—Francis Wilson—known throughout the breadth of the land as Cadeaux, The Oolah, etc., etc.; known here in New Rochelle as a book-worm, "first citizen," art collector and "fellow of infinite jest." With his hands stuck in his knickerbocker trousers, golfing cap on his head, and with a careless, lounging sort of a walk, he led the way around the grounds and then into the house.

"Tennis?" I asked, pointing to a net.

"My principal amusement," he said; "that and swimming." That explained, perhaps, the athletic build of the man, the free movement, and the puzzle of his age.

To describe a day spent with Francis Wilson at his home is to describe everything but the actor. Of course, you cannot get away from it entirely, but as I remember the afternoon, it was a long, rambling, delightful discussion on books, authors, pictures, painters, Napoleonia, with here and there a choice anecdote of some fellow-player.

"You find us in a rather mixed up state," he said, as he led the way into the parlor, an amused smile on his face. The chairs were full of dolls, caps, books, pictures, candies, and all the odds and ends of a fair.

"My little girl is treasurer of the Junior Red Cross, and we are getting ready for the benefit sale—keeps the whole house busy."

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Just then a miss of about twelve years passed us, and stopped to speak with the actor.

"This is my sister," he said. There was a twinkle in the eyes of both the "sister" and Mr. Wilson, but I wasn't deceived.

"That is your eldest girl, is she not?"

"Yes; quite a giant, isn't she?" and his eyes were full of paternal pride, surprise and admiration.

We were standing on the staircase before an engraving of Napoleon, and Mr. Wilson was talking quite learnedly, in a manner most dignified. I assure you I was becoming very much impressed when the "giant" passed again with a paper hat on her head (more money for the Red Cross). The actor paused in the midst of his learned discussion, and flipped the hat off. The "giant" threw her arms around him and said:

"I never will play with you again, you mean thing," and then went on downstairs, in pretended anger and indignation.

Mr. Wilson resumed his learned discussion, but for the life of me I could not believe a word of any more that he said. He had spoiled one image to create another. We had wandered all over the house, and were back again in the library. Here we meet another Francis Wilson. On the stage he gives himself up to the public; out of his library he gives himself up to his family, in his library he labors for himself. You cannot call it a selfish labor, this love of study and books, for it shows the finer quality of the man and helps to develop it. But whether with his family, or on the stage, or in his library, a man's character holds together and shows the same sincerity, intensity, thoroughness and keenness.

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In the library the conversation turned on Field. It is needless to say how enthusiastically the actor spoke of the dead poet. There is nothing known about Field that he does not know. There is nothing of his published that he has not. This, perhaps, is more thoroughness in friendship than in scholarship, but as I glanced about his bookshelves and saw his collection of Stevenson, of Napoleonia, of Shelley, I found the same note. And the bindings, too! Your real book lover delights in choice bindings and rare editions, and here they were to be found in the greatest plenty.

RAVENNES AND CADEAUX

ERMINIE

I had not heard of Francis Wilson as an art collector, so here was a pleasant surprise. A Troyon, a Mauve, a Bloomers, a Neuhenys, a Van Marcke, a Breton—all examples to delight the eye and warm the heart, hung not far from each other. Is there anything in that list of artists that suggests the flashy and the superficial? And I assure you they were all good examples. Pictures of the humble Dutch life with its cleanliness and poverty—the French peasant girl—quiet bits of pastoral beauty—aside from their art value, isn't there something in these that suggests the nature of the owner?

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Speaking of Field, Mr. Wilson told a story that showed the poet's fondness for the actor. "Field," he said, "had an idea that he would outlive all of his friends. We used to meet at a place in Chicago to discuss art, letters and religion, for, besides actors and writers, our group generally included two clergymen. One night he turned and said, 'I want that chair sent up to my house.' Some one asked why. 'Well,' he said, 'all of you fellows are going to die, and I want some of these chairs as mementoes, and that chair I want to be able to say was the one in which Francis Wilson used to sit.' Poor Field! he didn't last long after that joke."

Mr. Wilson's book-loving has been more than a mere pleasure to him. Delving among old and forgotten volumes, he has found many a plot for an opera. The Merry Monarch, for instance, was one of his finds.

"I was in Paris," he said, "looking over some old books, when I ran across one called L'Etoile. By chance, I bought the book along with a lot of others. I had not read more than ten or fifteen pages of L'Etoile before I saw its possibilities. I went through it hurriedly, and then sat right down to translate it. It was about four o'clock in the morning before I went to bed, and I had two acts finished. The next day I hung a sign outside my door, and finished the work before I took my morning walk."

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Nearly all of Mr. Wilson's books are shown to him in the rough. He does as much of the developing of the literary part of his comic operas as the man who gets the credit for writing them. An apropos of this is the ease with which he learns his own part.

"I never really study my part," he said, "because it shapes itself as the librettist and I work it out, so that by the time the book is finished I know my part thoroughly, and go to the first rehearsal without having spent even ten minutes in studying my lines."

Here, indeed, is a partial revelation. No wonder Francis Wilson's work always seems fresh and spontaneous. It is very much as if a man had written his own play, broad enough to allow nightly changes for an infinite number of times.

CADEAUX

ERMINIE

The Francis Wilson who to-day occupies the foremost place on the comic opera stage began his musical education in Philadelphia on February 7, 1854.

"That was the first time I ever used my voice," he said on one occasion. "In fact, I used it so much in those early days that when I again came to use it on the stage it had really lost some of its power."

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There was nothing in his parentage or his ancestors to lead him to the theatrical life, for both his mother and father were members of the Society of Friends, and had he looked there for any encouragement, his procedure would certainly have been regarded as very unrighteous.

When he was ten years of age, it is recorded somewhere, he was a very excellent jig dancer. One day he heard that several of his friends, boys several years older than himself, had received "engagements" at "real theatres" through the friendly offices of one Billy Wright, who then played in a concert hall out in the Kensington district. The boy's breast was fired with ambition. Why not he? Summoning up his courage, he sought out Mr. Billy Wright, and asked him if he would not get him an engagement. Not until you have seen Francis Wilson off the stage, and learned to know how sincere he is in everything he undertakes, can you imagine with how much seriousness the youngster then viewed his request for admission into the ranks of concert hall "professionals."

"I remember the amused expression on his face as he asked me what I could do. He whistled the strain of Ole Virginy, and I jigged myself into his favor. Laughingly and good naturedly he sent me to the manager of the minstrel company on Third Street, and lo! and behold! I appeared next week on the play bills as Master Johnnie."

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Young Wilson felt sure that the eyes of the universe, with the exception of his mother and father, were on him. At the end of the first week he received his salary in pennies. School had no more attractions for him—he was an actor, and his name appeared on the play bills. He appeared in a number of negro sketches, dancing and singing, before his mother, observing that the pillow cases were marked with burned cork, which, in his haste, he had not entirely taken off his face and hands on going to bed after the evening's performance, discovered his secret. He was watched and caught, and his theatrical career was suddenly closed.

It was a bitter blow, but the boy did not give up. For a while he was locked up in his room nights, and after he had apparently become resigned to the renunciation of his theatrical career he was again allowed his freedom, and went back to the stage, dancing and singing with renewed vigor. The second time he was found out and reprimanded, and then he decided on a bolder move—he ran away with a song and dance artist to the South.

It was not that the boy was positively disobedient—he loved his parents too much for that, as his later devotion to his mother shows. But he was ambitious, and he was quite sure that a great career awaited him as the result of a bold movement. He would come back famous, of course, and be forgiven.

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One cannot help but remark how similar Francis Wilson's beginnings are to those of Sol Smith Russell. Russell's first attempts were in theatrical companies that played for soldiers, and in Alexandria, Virginia, Francis Wilson had similar opportunities to exploit himself. He became tired, though, of the roughness of the life, and laid out a plan to worry his manager into sending him back to Philadelphia; it was absolutely diabolical, but very successful. He was given two dollars, his fare to Philadelphia, and told to go, and with his clothes in a handkerchief, slung over an old sword, he made his way back home.

"I was very proud of that sword," he said to me the other day; "I wish I had it now. Even then, when I was in my early teens, and doing negro sketches, I thought I was born to be a tragedian, and had given some little thought to the part of Richard the Third. I met an amateur negro actor in the South, who listened with great respect to my description of the actors in the North, especially to my stories of my intimate relations with some of the leading tragedians, and, as a reward for my showing him how certain parts of Richard the Third should be played, he presented me with a sword. It had another use, too. Arriving home with such a glittering weapon probably saved me from a sound thrashing."

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E. L. Davenport was at this time in the height of his career, and the more young Wilson saw of him the more anxious he became for an opportunity on the legitimate stage. He hung about the Chestnut Street Theatre a long time, in the hope that accident would throw him in the way of the great actor, but it was of no avail. Finally, he went to the manager of the theatre at which he had made his "first appearance," and asked him for a letter to the actor. The manager was amazed, and then amused, and after listening to an eloquent plea, and hearing the neophyte's plans of the future, his desire to play Richard the Third, etc., he good-humoredly wrote the letter, and wished the aspirant good luck.

SIGISMUND

PRINCE METHUSALEM

The future comedian could hardly realize that he was so near "success." It seemed too good to be true. For several days he hesitated about presenting the letter. As he thought more of the matter, he began to fear that he had undertaken too much, but finally, summoning up his courage, he started for the Chestnut Street Theatre.

As he was crossing the Schuylkill River, after having rehearsed what he would say for the eightieth or ninetieth time, he drew out the letter to get another glance at it, when whiff! a gust of wind blew it out of his hands and into the river, and Francis Wilson never became a tragedian. To-day he tells the story of that loss with a semi-humorous

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the second in the Post's series of The Personal Side of America's Greatest Actors, by George Henry Payne.

I—Sol Smith Russell . . . . . October 29
II—Francis Wilson . . . . . December 3

twinkle in his eye, but then there was nothing humorous about it—it was a bitter blow. His career was at an end; there was nothing more for him on this earth but jigs, burned cork, and negro songs; and back to the concert hall he went.

The disappointment began to wear off, and Wilson started to put some new ideas into his minstrel work. The managers began to notice him, and he received offers from out-of-town theatres.

It was while in Indianapolis that he joined with James Mackin, a clog dancer, and under the professional name of Mackin & Wilson the two toured the country. It was not a life for which Wilson had much liking, but he accepted it because he knew it would lead to something better. He saw that if he made a reputation in this line of work he would get an entrance to New York, and once there, on some sort of footing, would find his way up to better things.

PRUTCHESKO

APJAUNE

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It is probable that you may have seen in The Oolah scene the care with which he tunes his instrument in the second act. Nothing could be more intense; one would almost believe that the man was going to give a solo at a symphony concert. That same thoroughness was put into his minstrel work with good effect, and when he went to New York he went with the reputation of being one of the funniest minstrels that was ever seen on the American stage.

During his travels he had made the friendship of W. H. Crane, the comedian, and from him he received no little encouragement to persevere in his attempt to become an actor. He made other friends on the road, took all the advice that was given him, gladly observed all suggestions, and brought himself nearer to the "promised land." Another instance of his thoroughness, one that shows his seriousness even in matters that would seem to have nothing but a humorous aspect, occurred when he and Mackin had had a disagreement.

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"Mackin knew that I was ambitious, and for that he would have 'slain me.' He used to mock my aspirations, both publicly and privately, and sometimes did not stop at intimating that I was a fool. He carried the thing so far one time as to threaten to give me a thrashing. I knew he was a good boxer, whereas I was absolutely unskilled; so I went to a very well-known teacher of boxing, and in a short time had become rather efficient. My partner knew nothing about this, and so on one occasion, when he was particularly desirous of knocking all my ambition out of my head, I just knocked some sense into his head."

Here is a sample of thoroughness, ambition, humor and business-like method of going about things the equal of which will not be found in the life of any other American actor. His partner was inclined to be fistic; his partner interfered with his peace and quiet—he sets himself to become the equal of his partner, and insures peace and good will among men. The policy of "armed peace" among the European nations was not more sagacious. A very interesting episode happened in Wilson's career about this time.

DON SANCHO

QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF

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The early beginning of his stage career made him neglect his education, and he had felt hampered, not so much in his work, for his originality told in that, but in his relations with the outside world. He was an industrious reader, but not a methodical student, when he met John H. Mahoney, principal of Trinity Chapel School, New York. Thousands of actors had met thousands of men who were more learned than Mr. Mahoney, greater scholars and perhaps better fitted to have opened up to them new worlds of thought, but little has come of these meetings.

But with Wilson it was different; he was only a comedian, but he was ambitious, and widely read enough to appreciate the scholar's mind and to win his friendship. They became fast friends, and later lived together. Wilson already had made an attempt to remedy his education in Chicago. He had gone to a business college for a short time, and as he was anxious that his teachers and fellow-students should know nothing of his stage performances, he had changed his name slightly. He wanted to be a student just as the others were, and he yearned for the same quiet that they had.

But he was soon found out, and then came attentions that were really annoyances, and the endeavor was given up. The meeting with John H. Mahoney gave him a new impetus, and he took up his studies again with his new friend and trusted mentor.

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Wilson was now (1877) twenty-three years of age, but he felt that, though famous in his line, he had not advanced rapidly enough in the desired direction. An opportunity presented itself, or perhaps it would be best to say that he himself sought the opportunity, to join the Chestnut Street Theatre (in Philadelphia) Stock Company. The position was very poor; the salary was fifteen dollars a week. He was making a hundred in the minstrel line. Would he take it?

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It was a fall in other ways than financial, but he knew that he must begin low—he was confident he could get ahead. As for the money, his cautious management of the returns from the black-and-white work had placed him beyond need. The offer was accepted. Those who know stage people, and know how much more lovingly they regard the dollar of to-day than the eagle of to-morrow, will agree as to the uniqueness of this incident. And yet it is characteristic of the man—there was then, there is now, none of the short-sightedness that characterizes his professional brethren.

Remember that all this time he was looking forward to the career of a tragedian. The ambition was fostered by the tribute paid to his swordsmanship, when the principal actors of the stock company came to him and asked him to act as fencing master to the company. Some of his best friends of to-day were also in that company, and so deeply did some of them become impressed with his seriousness and his studious disposition that they encouraged him in his idea of eschewing the comic. After a year as utility man he was given the part of Lamp in Wild Oats. It was only a small comedy rôle, not in keeping with his ambitions, but Wilson saw possibilities in it and studied it carefully.

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As the broken-down theatrical manager he made a hit, and was called before the curtain night after night. Coming off the stage after the first performance, the stage manager complimented him, remarking at the same time:

"The idea of a fellow with a nose and legs like yours wanting to be a tragedian."

At another time he might have felt hurt, but he had made a success of what he had undertaken, and that, he thought then, he thinks now—in fact, you might say it is his motto—is compensation enough.

There was no increase in salary as a result of this success, but the actor could not mind that.

"My mother and I," he tells me, "used to weep with joy when we contemplated how at length I had reached the goal, for though it was not tragedy, the top-notch of legitimate theatrical work did not seem so very far off then."

There was nothing but comedy rôles for him after that. The next year he played second comedy parts in the stock company. Before the end of the season, however, he had become so well known that he accepted an offer to play in a little musical comedy called Our Goblins. He toured with his company for some time, elaborating his part, saving his money, and studying old books.

It must not be thought, however, that because Wilson was funny on the stage and regarded life very seriously off the stage, that his early career was without its playful moments. We have seen his playfulness among his children, and his love of practical jokes, a characteristic of many men who take life seriously. He tells this story himself:

The Our Goblins Company reached an apology of a town called Eureka, Nevada. There was only one hotel, a wretched frame building, kept by as ruffianly a looking individual as an actor had ever met, and actors meet all sorts of people, you know. The meals were terrible, the rooms worse, and the bills were the acme of all that is bad—and high-priced beyond all reason.

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When the company appeared at the theatre to begin the performance the audience was so small, and so absolutely devoid of enthusiasm, that the actors agreed that they had reached the limit. Wilson and another member of the company determined to be revenged. They drew up a formal petition to Congress, in which they prayed that the town of Eureka be wiped off the map of the United States, and a large red sign containing the word "danger" be substituted.

They then proceeded to give reasons for their request, and did not omit any details about the ruffianly conduct and appearance of their landlord. It was arranged that this petition should reach the proprietor after they had boarded their train. They were just about to leave the town when they learned that the manager of the show was too ill to leave his bed. The petition had already been delivered, and praying to the Heavenly Powers that the unfortunate manager would not be entirely annihilated, they at once left on their train.

The next day they were joined at Salt Lake City by the man they had left behind, and Wilson says he came very near killing the two of them, as the landlord, on receiving the document, made numerous endeavors to wipe up the town with him, and it was only after he had squandered his patrimony by buying expensive fluids for the entire town that he was allowed to leave.

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Wilson now regarded himself as fairly secure in his profession, and accordingly made two ventures. Those who see his home at New Rochelle, and know how much Mrs. Wilson contributes to its happiness and how much her advice is prized by her husband, will readily understand how wise the first venture was. Miss Mira Barrie, of Chicago, had been a member of the Our Goblins Company, and after their marriage, when Wilson made a trial of his business ability by purchasing a two-thirds interest in the company, she accompanied him on his disastrous tour through the West.

HOOLAHOOLAH

THE OOLAH

It was unfortunate that this, his first financial speculation, was a failure, but few of his speculations have been failures, and it is said, and not without authority, I believe, that the guiding hand of Mrs. Wilson can be held very much responsible for most of the successes which have fallen to his lot.

Wilson came East after his failure, somewhat blue but by no means downcast. It wasn't in his nature to give up easily, as his childhood and this anecdote will show. Almost without a dollar, and very much in need of employment, he called on Colonel John A. McCaul, who then had a comic opera company playing in the Bijou Theatre in New York. He told McCaul that he would like to appear in his comic opera. McCaul asked him if he had ever appeared in comic opera before, and on his answering no, asked him how much money he expected.

"A hundred dollars a week," said Wilson.

The manager laughed at him, and said he couldn't pay that to a man of whose ability he knew nothing. Wilson, however, determined not to come down in his price, although he was really very much in need of money. He met McCaul two or three times during the next week, and every time the manager, who had been somewhat impressed by his audacity, asked him if he wouldn't take less money.

Finally, just as he was about to call on the manager and give in, he was told that McCaul was ready to pay his own price. He appeared with this company both in Philadelphia and New York, playing in the Queen's Lace Handkerchief, Falka, The Princess of Trebizonde, etc. His great hit was made as Prutchesko, in Apjaune.

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He received numerous offers after this, and finally, when McCaul began to lose caste as a manager, he joined the new Casino Company, appearing in Nanon, Amorita, Gypsy Baron, and finally in Erminie. From that time on Wilson was famous. He has probably played Cadeaux, in Erminie, thousands of times, and it is to-day one of the few parts that are named as having made a fortune for a man. It is no exaggeration to say that Wilson's Cadeaux will be as historical as Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle.

"I remember," said Mr. Wilson, "that when I was studying the part, even prior to rehearsals, I felt sure it would be a great success, and for the first week it seemed awfully difficult to get in all that I wanted, and it was not until I had the swing of the whole opera that I really began to enjoy playing the cowardly thief."

From the time of the memorable run of Erminie at the Casino up to the present day Mr. Wilson's career has been followed too closely by the public to make its recital necessary. His determination to star was brought about by the fact that people were clamoring for him to appear in new characters—characters in which he would have as good an opportunity as he did in Erminie. His successes since then have been many, and have shown how well advised was his move.

It is hardly necessary to say anything of Francis Wilson, comedian, as he appears on the stage. He is the essence of comedy—you cannot say that he belongs to this kind or to that kind of comedy—he is always different. There are indiscriminate people who class him with other comic opera comedians, unjustly, for he is as far above them intellectually on the stage as he is intellectually off the stage. I asked him once if he didn't find playing the same rôle over and over again tiresome—an old, stupid question.

"No," he replied, "because, you see, I was always to play to different people."

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The subtlety of the answer shows the man is not superficial, and if he were less subtle, if he were more superficial, he would not be the comedian he is. Those little touches that you scarcely notice, but afterward think over and laugh over, would be absent. He would not be a man to whom people would go time and time again without tiring, he would not be the "King of comic opera"—in fact, he would not be Francis Wilson.

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MY SWEETHEART'S FACE

THE smoke wreaths of my good cigar
Float out and curl and still ascend—
A world where dreams and phantoms are,
Where past and present softly blend—
But still whate'er their groupings be,
Whate'er imaginings I trace,
Always amid their mists I see
My little sweetheart's tender face.

I see the fringing hair above,
The modest eyes whose lashes fall;
I see the little mouth I love,
A crimson flower, pure, sweet and small;
The dimpled chin, and smooth, fair cheek;
Yes, every charm and gentle grace,
That poets sing or painters seek,
Are mingled in my sweetheart's face.

The winter bells ring glad and free,
The sledges cross the moonlit snow—
Such winter joyance rang for me—
Ah, not so very long ago!
Ah, not so very long ago
We sped along the glittering space
To jingling bells, and, nestled low,
Beside me smiled my sweetheart's face.

How gay we were! Our voices blent
In song and laughter on the air.
How mute we were! In deep content
My cheek pressed warm against her hair.
And all the while the happy chime
Of wild bell music lent its grace—
And now and then, to help the rhyme,
I kissed my little sweetheart's face.

I muse alone. A broken prayer,
Lost in a sigh, breathes from my heart.
May all good angels guard her where
Her sweet life moves—from mine apart!
And still I dream—hope cannot die—
That some time, in its rightful place,
Here on my arm at rest shall lie
My little sweetheart's darling face.

—The Elmira Telegram

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Is There Reflex Action in Morals?

ONE of the rarest qualities in human nature is justice in judging character. We take snap shots of criticism and think we are clever; we develop quickness in discovering evil motives, and flatter ourselves that we know the world. No man can ever read character aright unless he has sympathy and charity,—the vital elements of justice.

The best lesson that life can teach is charity, that charity that rightly judges the acts of our fellow-man. Many novels have for their plot a slight misunderstanding, some sudden slip into temptation, a moment's impulsive act, hardly more than the shadow of a surrender of a high principle, an instant's looking away from the guiding star of action, and for this the man or woman is utterly condemned. Society points her rigid finger at the crime, sin or misdemeanor, and then at the law of the moral, or, often more important, the social decalogue, that was violated, and relentlessly turns her haughty head from the offender. There is no explanation, no listening to reasons, causes or motives.

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That one act, that a moment's study would place in a different light, becomes an index to his character and representative of his entire course of conduct. This is not true, just or fair. There are acts, words and thoughts that do not belong to our character, that are formed in defiance rather than in accordance with it. Like some wild beast escaped from its cage do they dart past us, and we fall back aghast and paled when we recognize they are ours.

There are reflex actions in moral philosophy as there are in physiology. Students of natural history tell us that in man the controlling power is the brain; that this force by its direction causes any part of the body to perform any desired act of which it is capable; that all impressions are carried to the brain by the nerve-centres scattered under the surface of the skin. Often, in times of sudden danger, or perhaps from long-continued habit in one direction, the nerve-centres can themselves direct the muscles *how* to act without any permission from the brain, as the sudden closing of the eyelid to protect the eye from an outside shock. This instantaneous acting of the nerve-centre is entirely independent of the brain, which ordinarily controls it.

These reflex actions find a perfect analogy in man's moral nature. Character is the *brain* of the moral system; disposition, taste, predilection, tendencies, instincts and feelings are the *nerve-centres*. The duty of these nerve-centres is to carry the impressions of phenomena which entail some activity to the moral brain for its direction. Yet, often they act for themselves without the expressed approval of character, and these are moral reflex actions.

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In times of special worry or excitement these moral nerve-centres thus act independently of our character. We may strive to speak kindly, yet the words issue from the lips cross, cruel and bitter. The smile with which we would cover our disappointment appears on the face as a cynical sneer. We start back affrighted at some cutting taunt we have uttered, as might the insane murderer brought to consciousness by a look at the blood-stained weapon in his hand. In these moments of high feeling or excitement, the power of character, the Supreme Court of judging over acts, is wrested from it by the Court-martial of instinct and impulse.

In The Golden Justice, a popular novel, David Lane, a man of high integrity and nobility, is standing on the bridge one evening as the draw opens to permit the boat of the rival company to go through. He is tired, worried and confused by business troubles, but is roused from his reverie by the painful, choking cry of the bridge-tender. Lane, so the author says, rushes to complete the turning of the draw, "but at that moment he was seized by a new impulse, so wild and incredible as to resemble a prompting of madness—a veritable frenzy which remained ever afterward as much a mystery to himself as it could have been to those who knew him. With all his might he dragged back upon the lever, instead of expediting its movement, and thus narrowed instead of enlarging the passage." The rival craft was crushed, the bridge was overthrown, and the tender killed. Lane's character was not bad, yet the act was.

The kleptomaniac, who converts dainty articles of personal adornment to his own benefit and behoof forever, is not dishonest in character; he is only so in act.

The reflex actions may be better, as well as worse, than the character itself.

After Dickens' Bill Sykes, the hardened brute, murders the faithful Nancy, he wanders into the country to escape justice. Wakened from his conscience-haunted dreams by the midnight fire, he lends most valued aid in subduing the flames and rescuing the inmates. It was not truly heroic. His condition of mind and body rendered him specially susceptible to reflex action,—and this he obeyed.

Criminal law, in a dim, one-sided way, recognizes this principle of moral reflex action in what it terms "unpremeditated" acts. In this case it is always an evil deed done under the inspiration of a sudden passion. But passion is only one of a number of equally powerful moral nerve-centres, and the reflex action is not necessarily evil. It is not even essential that it be shown in a physical act at all; it may be only a thought, a momentary look or glance, a word that bursts from the lips.

Reflex action is a force we should carefully consider if we would understand ourselves and others aright. We are not as fully governed by our character as we should be, or as we think we are. Character is too often only a life-boat brought out in times of extreme peril or deep sorrow.

—THE EDITOR.

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Who is to Blame for American "Bosses"?

SO FAR as our Constitution or our professed political methods are concerned, the American Boss is an anomaly; yet is he a phenomenon as truly spontaneous and inevitable as is a fungus on a damp stump or gout in a line of high-livers. He has been pictured, commented on and abused without limit; but he has not as yet been scientifically traced and accounted for or justified.

The definition of him bristles with contradictions. He is a despot, yet the product of free institutions, and dependent on them for his continuance. He is hated and denounced, worshiped and obeyed as is no other ruler. He occupies no recognized place in the body politic, and yet he is Warwick, the dispenser of all places. In whatever you seek to do (outside the boundary of your private domestic concerns, and there, too, sometimes) you find him either with you or against you; and yet you can never put your finger on him and say, lo, here, or lo, there. Attack him, and he vanishes into an organization, or "machine"; pursue him step by step until you reach the primaries, and he vanishes altogether.

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You behold his effigy writ large in the newspaper cartoons; but when you meet him in the flesh he is but a commonplace citizen, like yourself, only more reticent of speech, and noncommittal of opinion. He seems to be well off, and you say he must have stolen his money; but you cannot prove it. You organize against him, but it turns out that he survives defeat, not only as having more than one string to his bow, but because, as likely as not, you discover him unawares fighting on your side against what you had supposed to be he. He echoes your shout for Reform with lungs that outclamor your own; but in the end it transpires that he is ruled less than you by names and words, and has a more inevitable instinct for facts and things, and concrete results. He will call himself and his objects by any title you please; but he gets there just the same, and just when you fancied you have set foot in the inmost shrine, you find the outer portal closing in your face.

In truth, you can destroy the Boss only by superseding him,—by yourself becoming him. He is the consequence of your own failure to be a faithful citizen. This is a representative Government, and the Boss is the representative of the aggregate of the failure of the members of the community to discharge their civic obligations.

The enormous industrial and commercial development of this country, since it set up in business on its own account, has created a state of things unforeseen by the honest framers of our Constitution. Competition, and the craving for wealth, have knocked out of us all but our personal and selfish aims. The apparent necessity to keep up with the procession disables us from taking our trick at the helm of State. The first thing we know, the ticket is made up, and we must vote for the machine candidates, or we might as well not vote at all. While we have been (politically) asleep, the Boss has been awake and hard at work; he has made that his business which we shirked till too late.

He rules us, certainly; but it was we—our negligence—that enabled and indeed compelled him to exist. He was selected in a small degree by accident and opportunity, but much more by that faculty he had for arranging things and attending to public business; he did these things so well that less highly endowed persons surrendered to him their guidance and operation. He is never a lofty or altruistic character, not highly cultivated or educated; but that is because he is and must be representative—the picture of the political ability of the mass of the nation, and of their aims. He is not honest or conscientious, according to the standard of the copy-books, but he adopts means which secure results, and so fulfills his function.

What he does might have been done at half or a tenth the cost; but it is done, and the surplus we pay is the tax on our own idleness and negligence. His influence is to render our corruption more corrupt; but it is all our fault, and we have no right to complain. The evil of a community always ultimates and incarnates itself in some characteristic figure, and the Boss is ourselves in miniature. He holds the mirror up to our nature, and if we dislike the image it is we that must change.

—JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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Literature the Accomplice of Crime

THE present is an age of pessimism, and in literature pessimism has fallen on fertile ground. Careful readers have noticed with regret the growing activity of morbidness and crime in current fiction. Eighty per cent. of the annual output of fiction is made up, according to statistics, of stories of crime and criminals. Is it any wonder, then, that even the pessimist should say "enough"?

The class of mental food which appeals to man's appetite for the sensational carries with it a certain contagious germ. In Napoleon's army a sentry committed suicide by hanging himself in his sentry-box; the following night another sought death in the same way; within a fortnight four sentries had thus taken their lives. Napoleon stopped the spread of the epidemic of suicide by removing all the sentry-boxes. Not long ago a prominent man committed suicide at Niagara Falls. The papers were full of the details. Within a week several similar attempts were made.

These are but examples of the contagion of imitation which always follows crime perpetrated in a startling, a new, or a peculiar manner. Herein lies one of the chief snares in the path of the daily newspaper. The great daily is undoubtedly one of the strongest factors of civilization; it is at the same time one of the greatest instigators to crime. In the desire to get the news,—all the news,—it prints not only the fact of a certain crime having been committed, but also the minutest details. It caters to the morbid taste of its readers by elaborating all the horrors of the crime. Then it usually exalts the criminal by inference. He is referred to as "a clever forger," or "a king of bandits."

These accounts cast a glamour over the horrible, the repulsive, the lowest side of human nature. They explain the crime and the surroundings as carefully, as exactly as a college professor demonstrates a problem in geometry. In the public mind the science of crime becomes the art of crime, and imitation is inevitable. This evil has been officially recognized in some European countries, and the newspapers are forbidden by law to print the details of any crime.

If the newspapers, which are but hastily glanced over and thrown aside, can exert such an influence, what must be the measure of harm exerted by evil books, which are read, re-read and preserved? Too many writers fail to realize the great influence which they exert in raising or lowering the moral tone of human society. They think too much of the reward, the coveted wreath of fame; too little of the duties and obligations of authorship; too much of the "will it help me?"; too little of the "will it help others?"

Less, far less, is the influence exerted by the public speaker. He addresses thousands; the writer's audience numbers millions. He can choose his audience, and adapt himself to their needs and tastes; the writer cannot restrict or limit his audience; he speaks to the common-sense man of business and to the love-sick youth; to the matron and to the sentimental maiden; to the learned and to the ignorant. All the elements of his audience should be taken into consideration. His book to one person may be merely interesting, to another it may be a text-book on morals.

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When a great writer handles morbidness and crime he rarely makes evil repulsive; "the unfortunate victim of an adverse fate" is usually excused, and a web of romance is woven about him into which the unsuspecting reader falls. Sometimes this is done unintentionally: it is but the hoarse croak of some pessimistic scribe whose perennial text is that life is not worth living. Only recently a wealthy, well-bred German killed his wife and himself as a direct result of reading this class of literature. Do these authors bear no share in that crime? Are they not in reality accomplices?

Not to take into account the moral effects of a book is as criminal as for the druggist to sell poisonous drugs without labeling them. But to label poison literature is to advertise it. As neither of these precautions solves the problem, the only safe way is to paint crime, when it must be painted at all, in all its natural colors, to depict it as forbidding and repulsive, as it ever is, and to avoid every encroachment upon the unhallowed ground of the morbid, the morose.

The works of Robert Louis Stevenson are not to be classed as sensational literature, yet it was one of his stories, A Suicide Club, which started innumerable clubs of this kind throughout the country, and a Western student, a member of one of these organizations for self-destruction, has recently taken his life.

The great mission of books is to increase the sum of human happiness, to uplift, to enlarge human ideas and ideals. When an author disregards this, and clothes forbidding aspects of life in attractive garments, he exerts a demoralizing influence, if he does not actually stimulate crime. Of the many writers engaged in turning out this flood of literature dealing with crime and criminals, few work with serious purpose to help mankind, while the many writing thoughtlessly and irreverently are blind to the mischief they are stealthily working.

—EDGAR S. NASH.

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What the Nation Can Do Abroad

THERE are grounds for sharp differences of opinion on the question of assuming responsibility for the government of the Philippines, and honest and intelligent men may hold opposing views without impugning either the sagacity or the sincerity of one another; but there is one ground which no patriotic American ought to be willing to take, and that is the ground that no fresh responsibilities ought to be assumed because we are not capable of meeting them.

To take that ground is to concede the final failure of popular institutions on this continent; it is to make formal confession to the whole world that men bred in the air of a free Government have not the capacity to deal with public questions which men trained under absolutism or monarchies possess. To confess this degree of incompetence, and to decide the question of increased responsibilities, not on the ground of the wisdom or rashness of adding to our burdens, but on the ground that we are too weak to do what other nations do, is to serve notice on the whole world that American civilization has broken down at the vital point; it can produce prosperity and make great fortunes possible, but it cannot produce men. It can make its citizens comfortable, but it cannot make them great!

There are two things to be said about this position: first, that it is based on a false assumption; there is no evidence that if we chose we could not govern wisely and develop rapidly any country for which we assumed political responsibility. It is true, we have serious defects in our management of home affairs; we are too much in the hands of machines and bosses; we permit political interference with departments of the public service which ought to be free from the influence of the politician. We have, in a word, serious faults as a people exercising the functions of government. Those faults are, however, the products of conditions which are rapidly changing; they are the faults of our system in the stage through which it has been passing.

If the English statesmen of the last century had insisted that England should stay rigorously at home until domestic politics had become entirely pure, the vigorous and powerful England of to-day would not have existed. Englishmen have become great by believing in their own ability to meet the duties of a great power, and by their willingness to learn by experience. There is no reason to doubt our ability to do what the men of our own race have done beyond the sea.

The second reason why no American ought to take the ground that larger responsibilities must be avoided because of our lack of political capacity is, that such a confession of weakness will inevitably develop the inferiority which it concedes. When a man feels that he is weak, he is weak; and when a nation doubts its capacity to do well the things which belong to a nation, it shows the earliest sign of declining vitality. We may differ widely as to what we ought to do; we must not, for the sake of our self-respect, differ as to our ability to perform our work in the world.

—HAMILTON W. MABIE.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

Improved American System of Securing Titles to Land

The Torrens land title system was designed to simplify the transfer of real estate, and to secure the indefeasibility of titles thereto. It has now been adopted in Illinois and Massachusetts, and is being urged for legislative sanction by the bar and realty corporations of other States.

In illustration, the Massachusetts law provides for a Court of Registration consisting of a chief judge, an assistant judge, a chief recorder, assistant recorders in different parts of the State, and examiners of title. Applications for registry of land are made to the assistant recorder of the district where the land is situated.

After all interested parties have been given a hearing, and the title is found correct, a decree of confirmation and registration is entered by the court, which binds the land, and quiets the title thereto. An appeal from this decree may be taken to a superior court within thirty days, and in case of supposed fraud a petition for review may be filed at any time within a year from the decree.

Foreign Alliances Useless When Needed

Within recent years there has been no opportunity for testing the real strength of international alliances. The European Powers were practically united in the Berlin Congress of 1878, yet Russia held aloof when it was subsequently deemed necessary to coerce Turkey into compliance with the agreements of that Congress.

In the exercise of pressure on Turkey to arrest the Armenian atrocities and prevent their recurrence, Great Britain was obliged to act almost single handed, though all the signatories to the Berlin Treaty were equally interested with her. Russia again virtually sided with Turkey.

More recently, Great Britain had to take the initiative in settling the troubles in Crete, Russia, France and Italy joining her, and Germany and Austria-Hungary refusing. Had it not been for Lord Salisbury's vigorous actions, the Turkish evacuation of the island would not now be an accomplished fact.

Still nearer to date was the refusal of Russia to support France in her controversy with Great Britain over the Marchand expedition to Fashoda, despite the strongest kind of an alliance between them, ratified by mutual visits of the Czar and President.

French Surrender Unconditionally to England

France closed the first chapter of the Fashoda "incident" by yielding to the demands of Great Britain, and agreeing to retire from the disputed region unconditionally, and without asking compensation. This sudden retreat from her defiant standpoint was inspired by the refusal of her Russian ally to lend the expected support in her contention, and its threatened consequences. Russia frankly acknowledged that her present task in China was too great to justify a reopening of the Egyptian question, which a cooperation of the two Powers against Great Britain would surely bring about. Thus, in her first emergency, France has availed nothing of the much proclaimed friendship of Russia, and, unable to go alone, had to stop before reaching the brink.

Squatter Sovereignty in International Politics

Russia's seizure of the Chinese town of Newchwang, and the fortifications at the mouth of the Liau ho River, constituted one of the most serious political acts of the year. It was a notable advance in the startling proceedings of European nations toward the sovereignty of China. That no native opposition was made to this act on the part of Russia showed how closely Li Hung Chang was wedded to Russian interests.

The gravity of the event sprang from the facts that Newchwang was one of the most valuable treaty ports of the Empire; that treaty ports, being open to the commerce of the world, are everywhere considered inviolable; and that Russia's act with China's acquiescence virtually destroyed all of Great Britain's interests in Manchuria, represented by fully eighty per cent. of the trade of the province.

As is well known, large and politically valuable portions of Chinese territory have passed to the control of European Powers within a year; but this was the first instance in which a treaty port has been seized in time of peace. If this act were allowed to stand unquestioned by Great Britain, it would be a publication to the world that any Power backed by a show of force, could help itself to as much of China as it desired.

Japan Celebrates a Quadruple Jubilee Day

Thursday, November 3, was a day of unusual significance to Japan, her people and her friends, because that day marked four anniversaries of important events by which the Empire of the Rising Sun and the world at large have been greatly benefited.

It was the forty-sixth anniversary of the birth of the present Emperor; the forty-sixth of the opening of Japan to the commerce and practical friendship of the world; the thirtieth of the Emperor's accession; and the thirtieth of the establishment of free institutions and representative government.

The part that Japan has occupied in the world's history of the last forty-six years is a most inspiring one, the more so because of a natural contrast with her powerful neighbor beyond the Yellow Sea. To-day Japan stands preeminently among the Eastern nations for progress, independence and strength, and is respected by all her sister nations.

The Release of Cuba Cost 2906 American Lives

United States Pension Commissioner Evans has compiled from official sources the American casualties on account of the war with Spain up to October 1, and places the total number of deaths at 2906, of which 107 were officers.

The lives lost in the destruction of the Maine are considered in the same light as mortality in battle. Of the total deaths, eighty officers and 2520 privates died of disease in the various camps, and since the close of hostilities in Cuba sixty-one men died of wounds which they received in the service.

New Complications in Nicaragua Canal Plans

In anticipation of early and decisive action by the American Congress, on some scheme for the construction of an interoceanic canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, a strong rivalry has sprung up among parties interested in the several proposed routes. A new phase has been given to the question by the declaration of President Zelaya, to the Nicaraguan Congress, that the Cardenas-Menocal contract of 1887 had been forfeited by non-fulfillment of its conditions.

The President, accordingly, made a new agreement, with the representatives of a syndicate of American capitalists, for the construction of a canal, to take effect on October 10, 1899, when the former concession of Nicaragua will expire by limitation. The Congress did not declare the Cardenas-Menocal concession forfeited, but they unanimously approved the new provisional agreement in many respects.

On the basis of the concession of 1887, the parties interested formed the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, an American corporation. Its officers claim to hold concessions from both Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and a charter granted by the American Congress, and assert that the Nicaraguan concession contains ignored provisions for its extension, and that the Costa Rica concession has three years yet to run. Both interests firmly declare that they will construct the canal.

Great Britain Acting on Newfoundland's Plea

A settlement is in view of the "French Shore question" that has vexed the province of Newfoundland for many years. The provincial authorities have urged for a long time that the Home Government should negotiate a permanent settlement with France, but heretofore nothing beyond the detail of British war vessels to patrol the coast, and an occasional protest to France against some fresh act of aggression has resulted.

Imbued with the spirit of securing an adjustment of all controversies affecting her Canadian Empire, as has been evinced in her uniting with the United States in the Joint High Commission, Great Britain this last summer appointed Admiral Sir James Erskine and Sir John Bramston as Royal Commissioners to confer with the Colonial ministry and formulate a basis of direct negotiation with France.

The project met with a hearty response in Newfoundland, and now it is officially announced that a satisfactory scheme for the settlement of the long pending difficulty has been reached. The Royal Commissioners warmly espoused the cause of the province, whose ministry pledged its loyal cooperation in carrying out the suggested arrangement. With this question permanently settled, it is quite likely that Newfoundland will see her way clear to unite with the Dominion.

Revision of the Dreyfus Case Granted

The French Court of Cassation has taken the first step toward getting at the truth of the Dreyfus case, by ordering a supplementary inquiry into the evidence and proceedings of the court-martial that found the officer guilty and condemned him to a life imprisonment on the Isle du Diable.

The matter was brought before the Court by the public prosecutor on the express order of the Minister of Justice, and the supplementary inquiry was ordered because the documents presented to the Court were not deemed sufficient to enable it to decide all the merits of the case. Pending further consideration, the Court declined to order the release of the prisoner while awaiting the final result of the revision of sentence.

Three Ministries in France Within a Year

The closing months of 1898 found the destinies of France in the hands of the third ministry of the year. The Meline Cabinet was forced to resign early in June because of the Premier's declaration that the accession to power of Socialism would mean ruin for France. After Meli, Ribot, Sarrien and Peytral had unsuccessfully attempted to form a new Cabinet, Henri Brisson composed an acceptable one, which was defeated by the agreement to revise the Dreyfus case in October. This was succeeded by one formed by Charles Dupuy. The new Cabinet comprised seven Radical and four Conservative Republicans, two former Premiers, four former Cabinet Ministers, and four members of the Brisson Cabinet. Its most conspicuous minister was M. de Freycinet, twice Premier and twice Minister of War, who was again given the war portfolio. Then Theophile Delcassé, the Brisson Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Lockroy, whose real name is Edouard E. A. Simon, the late Minister of Marine, resumed their former posts to carry out their work on the Fashoda controversy.

How Our Coast Cities Were Protected Last Summer

During the few weeks last summer that our seacoast residents were shivering in anticipation of an attack by Cervera's fleet, the Government was constantly sending out assurances that alarm was needless. Now that all danger has passed, we are informed of some of the measures taken to protect our long coast lines.

In all, twenty-eight harbors were selected for special defense, and in them the engineers of the Army planted 535 mines. Armament was placed in position for six twelve-inch guns, twenty-nine ten-inch, thirty-one eight-inch, fifty-six twelve-inch mortars, and for thirty-five rapid-fire guns. Emplacements were under construction, when hostilities ceased, at twenty-five harbors.

The expenditures for special gun and mortar batteries during the war amounted to $4,821,500, and those on other harbor defenses to $1,061,000. For the latter, 400 miles of cable, 150 tons of high explosives, 1650 new torpedo cases, and forty-four searchlights, among other articles, were purchased. These preparations were wholly by the Engineer Corps of the Army, and were independent of naval precautions.

Revolt of the Maroons on the Island of Jamaica

On after 1658, when the Spaniards were defeated in an attempt to recapture the Island of Jamaica from the English, several thousands of slaves were sent to the island to work sugar plantations. From time to time large numbers escaped from the fields and fled to the mountain region.

These fugitives and their descendants came to be known as "maroons." When they had acquired sufficient strength they began harassing the white settlements, which caused a bloody war against them that lasted nearly twenty-five years. Under a treaty of peace in 1738, the maroons were given the privilege of living undisturbed on reservations.

To-day the maroons are in a state of revolt, well-to-do colonists are leaving the island, and the industrial outlook has become serious. The natives, who have a tribal assembly at the capital of their reservation, declare that they have been robbed of territory, and provoked beyond endurance by the whites, while the Government officials say the issue is whether the civil law statute of limitations can override imperial treaty rights.

The Kaiser Given a Sacred Spot in the Holy Land

The most noteworthy feature of the visit of Emperor William to Palestine was the transfer through him, by "the infidel Turk," to the Roman Catholic Church, of what is considered one of the most sacred places in the Holy Land—the abode of the Virgin Mary at Jerusalem. The Sultan, being unable to recognize the Roman Church directly, presented the sacred ground to the Emperor, and he in turn presented it to the German Catholics.

A number of spots in Jerusalem are pointed out by the guides as the sites of the Virgin's home, but the conflicting accounts of her movements after Jesus entered on His ministry indicate that she lived longest at the house of Saint John the Evangelist. Before the crucifixion Jesus committed His mother to the care of John, who took her to his own home. How long she lived there, and whether she died in Jerusalem or in Ephesus, have never been determined.

Eleven Per Cent. of the World's Commerce American

It is computed that the total annual commerce of the world has now reached the high figure of about $17,000,000,000, in which the United States is interested to the extent of over $1,800,000,000, or, in round numbers, eleven per cent. In 1886-1896 the increase in the value of the exports of twenty-two leading countries was twenty per cent.

During this period the exports of the United States increased by more than thirty per cent., and those of its principal commercial rivals, the United Kingdom, France and Germany, showed gains of ten and a half, four and a half, and thirteen per cent. respectively.

In the percentage of increase in general exports the United States to-day holds first place, with Germany second. Here, the increase is a result of conditions, in the main, natural to the country, in Germany it is a result of carefully studied effort.

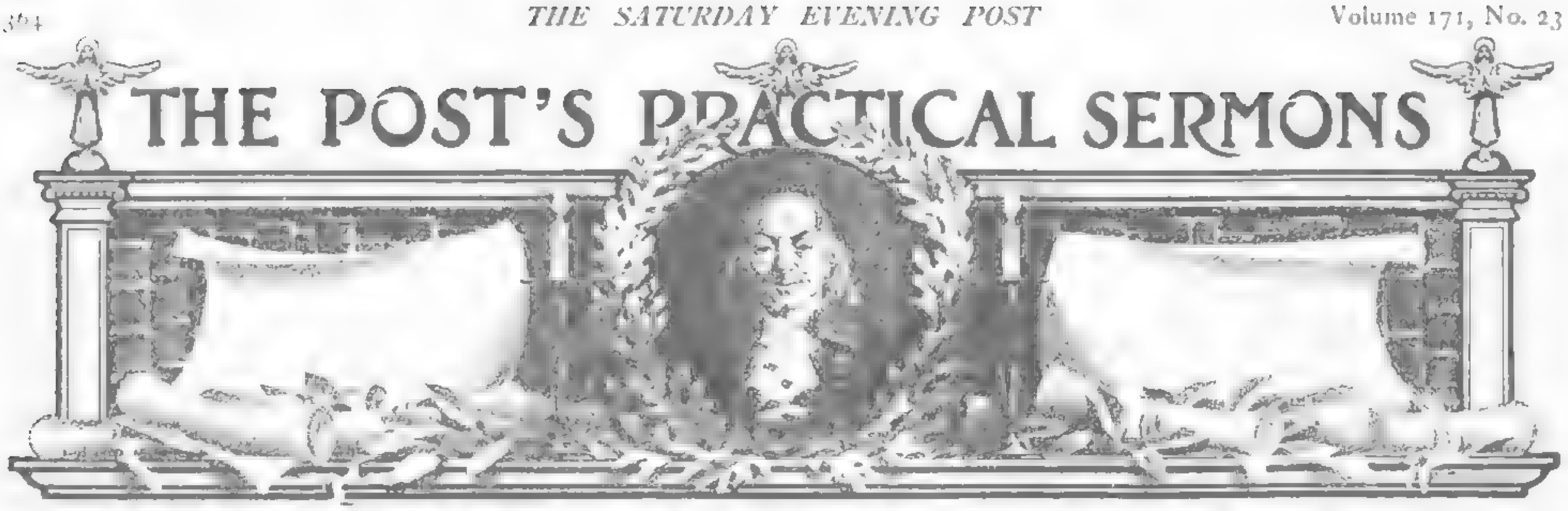
The French Side of the Nile Controversy

France has followed the example of England and issued a Yellow Book on the Fashoda incident. The French Government maintains that France has as much right at Fashoda as England has at Khartoum.

It is declared that there is no Marchand mission, but that since 1893 there has been a Liotard mission, charged with reaching the Nile and finding an outlet to it for French commerce. When Liotard was sent out Fashoda had fallen into the hands of the Mahdists, and therefore neither England nor Egypt possessed ownership in it.

The Government finally consented to abandon Fashoda on condition that it obtained an outlet to the Nile by way of Bahr el Ghazal as compensation. It desired an understanding with Great Britain, but would not force the desire beyond the limit of national honor.

THE POST'S PRACTICAL SERMONS



A MAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD

By

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

THE whole universe is keyed to a song of work. Nothing is at rest. Everything is constantly changing, going on toward perfection, or dissolving its elements into some new form that it may do newer and better work of whatever kind. In nature, everything is working and growing. Life is coming up out of death, and defeat is only the starting point for a new victory.

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While I was up in New Hampshire last summer I saw a great spruce stump many feet through that had growing out of its heart a vigorous young yellow birch tree; and I thought if the spirit of the old spruce were hovering about it must rejoice to see the new life that was springing into existence from its ancient and withered roots.

It is in a world like that we are placed, and we must work or be out of harmony with all the conditions of life in our sphere. It is not a question of whether we have money enough to carry on an existence without the wages which our work is capable of earning. With most of us work is imperative, but we are under just as much obligation to work in the one case as the other.

The man who serves no good purpose in the world, and makes no return in toil of muscle or brain or spirit for all the good gifts of God in modern civilization which he absorbs, is a pauper. If some one else has toiled and acquired money or property with which they have endowed him, then he is an endowed pauper, but he is a pauper, nevertheless, in spite of himself.

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There is a peril which seems to be a growing one in American civilization, in a class of people who are relieved from the imperative necessity of earning their daily bread because of the great fortunes they have inherited, and who do not seem disposed to give any return to society for what they receive. The only thanks they give is to the dead hand which reaches out of the grave and dowers them with unearned gold.

That they owe anything to the hard workers of civilization who hedge their wealth about by law and order, who bestow upon them literature and music and the comforts and refinements of modern life, they do not even seem for a moment to appreciate. Serious political struggles on which depends the good government of the land in which they live do not arouse them from the sluggishness and monotony of their self indulgent lives.

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Ian Maclaren, in writing his American Impressions, says that a friendly observer of American affairs must deeply regret the contempt of this class, who in all ordinary circumstances seem to prefer to look out on public life through the loopholes of retreat." We have now and then a splendid exception to this in such men as Theodore Roosevelt and President Low, of Columbia College, young men who, though inheriting large wealth and high social position, have refused to be drones in the hive of life, but have thrust themselves into the thick of the fight for the best and highest things to be attained in culture and government.

I have called special attention to this phase of modern life because I think there are many young men who are born into poverty, and find themselves at the open door of the world compelled to struggle for their standing place, challenged at the very outset to prove their right to exist, who are tempted to feel that in being poor and having to work they are somehow discriminated against by Divine Providence, and are to be pitied. As a matter of fact, this is not true, but for a young man to believe it is to cut the nerve of his highest possibilities.

Jesus Christ, who was the highest type of the Christian the world has ever seen, chose to be born poor, and lived the life of a village carpenter until He entered on His public ministry at thirty years of age. His highest encomiums are upon workers. He says: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.
PASTOR OF FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
(CLEVELAND, OHIO)

No man has a right to consider it a misfortune that he has to share the fate of Jesus Christ as a worker for his bread.

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I think there has been a good deal of false teaching on this subject, which is beginning to bear an evil fruit. A recent writer makes a very interesting criticism on the contrast between the heroic spirit which animated most of the characters in the fiction of Mr. Bret Harte, of a generation ago, and the grumbling, pessimistic people about whom Mr. Hamlin Garland is writing to-day.

This writer says that Mr. Garland's people do not seem to live in a breezy, enthusiastic way, but go to their toil in a spirit of hopelessness. They seem to look at life as a sort of treadmill, where men perform their fierce labor in a spirit of rebellion, and yet are so weak that they do not have the force necessary to make their rebellion effective.

To use the exact words of this critic, the men of the later novelist "complain, and sometimes they grow brutal toward their womankind, but their revolt carries them no further. They have altogether lost the fighting spirit. They shrink and cower before the winter's cold; they shudder and wince at the pain of husking corn with worn fingers; they rage over the discomforts of work in hot weather. They do the thing they hate only because they cannot get away from doing it.

"One looks in vain for any trace of that courage and defiance of hardships which animated the men who 'dammed the Sacramento,' or inspired the little band of outcasts in Poker Flats. Equally wanting is that stern delight in the conflict with an unwilling and grudging nature which made the life of many a New England farmer a heroic epic. For them the hardships of life loom large, and its courage and inspiration do not exist."

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This loss of heart and spirit is a fatal loss. I do not believe it is so general as Mr. Hamlin Garland and some other writers would have us believe. I think some of these gentlemen look through warped glasses; and though they bring us back what they see, they do not see the best, but the worst, in modern social conditions.

But after making due discount for that, I believe it is probably true that we have come upon a time when many men are resenting the compulsion of toil, and look upon their labor not as a mission full of glorious possibilities to themselves and fraught with blessings for others, but as a hard thing which must be performed in order to obtain the physical comforts of life.

Such an attitude toward one's work is, I repeat, fatal to all noble achievement. There is more hope of something good and worthy coming out of the miners and cowboys Bret Harte used to write about, with all their faults and sins, than there is prospect of building up a worthy Debs commonwealth from the weaklings who are forever complaining, but never doing as long as they can escape from it.

A noble career is possible when once the fibre of manhood, with its spirit of hope, and courage, and determination to do something noble and worthy, has lost its virile strength and purpose.

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The Christian gentleman will realize that there are three parties to be taken into consideration in planning for his life-work—God, self and fellow-man. We are not all made in the same mould; we have a diversity of talents and gifts, and each one of us is a separate study of Almighty God.

Some men have more adaptability than others, but most of us have some special bent toward a certain kind of work where we can be worth a great deal more than anywhere else. It is fighting against God to take a young man who has a fondness for machinery, who from his first baby-talk has wanted "to see the wheels go round," and try to make a preacher, or a doctor, or a bookkeeper out of him, thus forcing him to be unnatural.

There is no more important epoch in a man's life than that in which he earnestly and seriously chooses a career for himself. It should always be done with special reference to one's individual talents.

A man who would make a first-class doctor might make a dry-as-dust preacher. A man who might make a splendid electrician would possibly fail entirely as a lawyer. A man who would make a grand carpenter or a good blacksmith might not be successful in keeping a grocery store.

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Of all sad things there is nothing in the whole world sadder than an honest, earnest man meant for a round hole but driven into a square one. I never go down Washington street and see the sign, "Misfit Store," but it saddens me. It means many things.

A man has ordered a new suit and died before it was finished; or, when it was completed, he did not have money enough to pay for it; or, if it is an honest sign, the tailor has failed to fit his customer, and there is disappointment all round. A misfit is the cheapest thing in the market.

The tailor will sell you a garment made of the very best and highest-priced goods of his whole store for less than half price, because it is a misfit, and utterly worthless, unless somebody can be found to buy it.

The saddest thing in the world is a misfit man. If you have any special trend or bent toward a particular occupation which is worthy, do not let any ordinary difficulties of life turn you from it. The struggles which intervene will make you stronger in your work when you have won your victory.

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When once you have chosen your work, stick to it. There never was a truer scripture than that which says that a double-minded man, who is unstable in all his ways, one that wavers like the sea when driven of the wind and tossed, will never receive any worthy success in life.

Chauncey Depew tells this story: Andrew Johnson, having become President on the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, and having suddenly changed his politics, the fear was imminent that he intended to revolutionize the Government. He wanted to remove from office the great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton. Everybody felt that Stanton was the citadel of nationality with such an erratic a President. At this juncture Charles Sumner framed a message and sent it from the Senate of the United States, immortalizing a common English word in a sentence that was all comprised within two words, "Stanton, stick." So I say to every one of you, having settled the matter as to what your career is to be, stick at whatever cost.

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You may see this lesson illustrated in every strong and stalwart life of our own or any other time. Mr. Edison has just made a new discovery which promises to be one of the very greatest inventions of his wonderful career. The scientific world is agog with interest at his process of recovering, by means of electricity, the iron contained in low grade ores, which up to this time have been only waste rock, because there was no method of saving the scattered particles.

This great invention, which is a splendid success, and which will have an influence on the iron industry throughout the world, has cost Mr. Edison years of exacting toil, and into the necessary experiments he has put three millions of dollars.

The editor of the Electrical Review says: "This new great triumph gives new ideas of the dogged determination and constant courage of this man of mental equipment and physical vigor, who seems unable to cease from an undertaking until success comes." All great work is wrought in that spirit.

The Christian gentleman will always be greater than his work, and yet will regard his work as the crystallization of his truest hopes and ambitions for the upbuilding of humanity. It is not what we do, but the spirit in which we do it, which has most important influence on our character.

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One may deliver an oration, or a sermon, or make an astronomical observation in the spirit of a slave; and, on the other hand, a man may make a horseshoe, or put up an electric wire, or collect fares on a street car in the spirit of a self-respecting Christian gentleman. If a man goes to his work in the spirit of a slave, then the noblest vocation in life becomes mean and vulgar, but there is no work necessary to be done for the progress of civilization so common but that it may become heroic, because of the noble spirit in which it is performed.

The Christian gentleman will not lose sight of the fact that he is a fellow-worker, and must live toward all other workers in the attitude of his Divine Leader. He will carry to his daily work the sympathetic heart, the self-denying spirit, the patient kindness and gentleness of Jesus Christ.

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REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.,

was born in Oregon on November 12 [illegible]. Ever since his sixteenth year he has been preaching the Gospel, and, though he has studied law and practiced in the courts since then, he has been in the pulpit almost every Sunday. Twelve years ago he came East and his work in Cleveland has won him innumerable friends and admirers. His works as an author have reached not only those in his own country, but many in England and Europe as well, and he gives promise of even wider influence in the future.

Editor's Note.—The sermons in the Post's series represent practical unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. The one on A Man's Work in the World is taken from The Christian Gentleman. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. Some of those which have already appeared in this series are:

XI	Force of Enthusiasm,	by Archdeacon Farrar,	Aug. 27
XII	What is Your Ideal in Life?	by Hugh Black, A. M., D. D.,	Sept. 3
XIII	The Making of Character,	by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis,	Sept. 10
XIV	Religion in Daily Life,	by Very Rev. John Caird, D. D.,	Sept. 17
XV	Courage in Common Life	by Lewis O. Brastow, D. D.,	Oct. 1
XVI	The Courage That Overcomes,	by Rev. Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	Oct. 8
XVII	Making a True Home	by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D.,	Oct. 22
XVIII	The Need for Constant Prayer	by Rev. A. J. F. McClure, A. M.,	Nov. 5
XIX	A Man's Work in the World,	by Rev. Louis A. Banks, D. D.,	Dec. 1

WITH A DECORATION BY LEYENDECKER

LIII

PORTUGUESE SONNETS

By

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

MY LETTERS! all dead paper, mute and white!—
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knees to-night.
This said, he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand—a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it! this—the paper's light—
Said: *Dear, I love thee;* and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said: *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart, that beat too fast.
And this—O Love, thy words have ill availed,
If what this said, I dared repeat at last!

•

GO FROM me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore,
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore—
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

•

I THINK of thee! my thoughts do twine and bud
About thee, as wild vines about a tree,
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's naught to see
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee
Who art dearer, better! Rather instantly
Renew thy presence. As a strong tree should,
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee
Drop heavily down, burst, shattered, everywhere!
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee,
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,
I do not think of thee—I am too near thee.

•

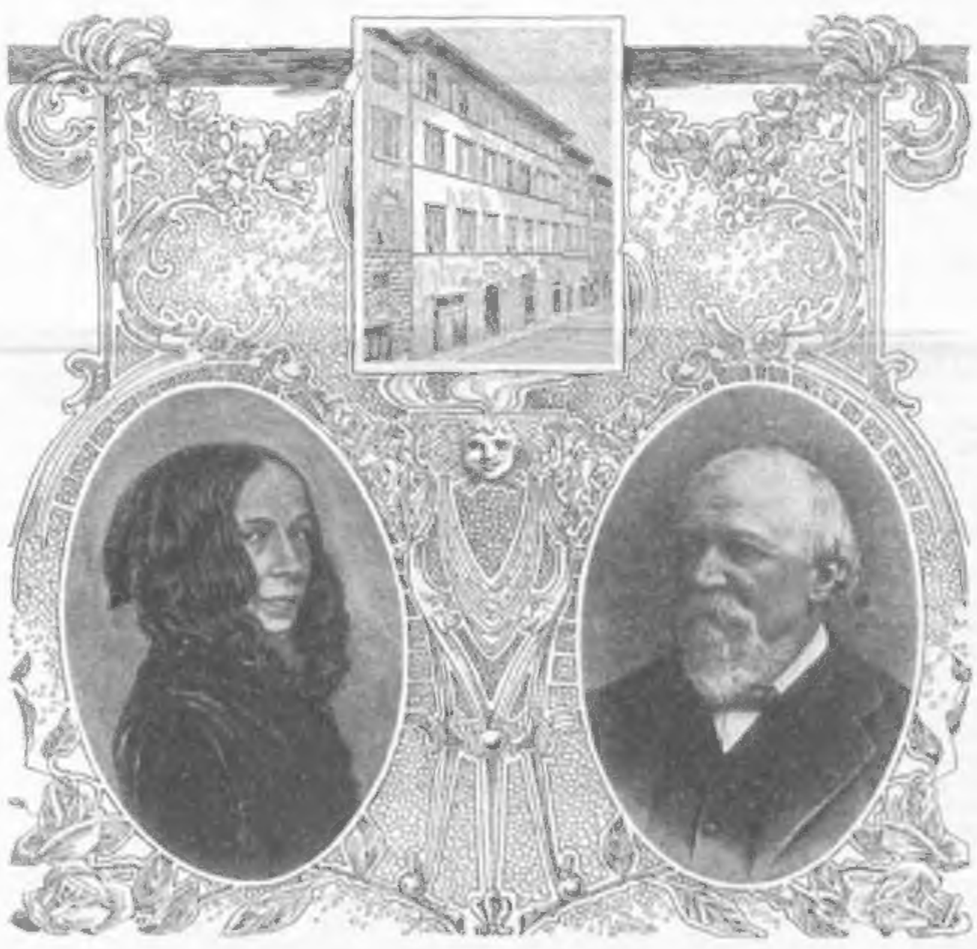
THE first time that the sun rose on thine oath
To love me, I looked forward to the moon
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one
For such man's love!—more like an out-of-tune
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed
A wrong on *thee*. For perfect strains may float
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced—
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and dote.

• • •

IF THOU must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."
For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh still, beside me, as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.
The names of country, Heaven, are changed away
For where thou art or shall be, there or here;
And this, this lute and song, loved yesterday
(The singing angels know) are only dear,
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

THE HOUSE IN VENICE WHERE THE SONNETS WERE WRITTEN



THE WOMAN WHO WROTE THE SONNETS

THE MAN WHO INSPIRED THEM

• • • • • • • • • •

IS IT indeed so? If I lay here dead,
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?
I marveled, my Belovèd, when I read
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine—
But—*so* much to thee? Can I pour thy wine
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.
Then, love me, Love! Look on me—breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love, to give up acres and degree,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

•

THE soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,
And from my poet's forehead to my heart
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies—
As purely black, as erst, to Pindar's eyes,
The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart,
Thy bay-crown's shade, Belovèd, I surmise,
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black!
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,
I tie the shadow safe from gliding back,
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth,
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

•

INDEED, this very love which is my boast,
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,
I should not love withal, unless that thou
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak
Of love even, as a good thing of my own.
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,
And placed it by thee on a golden throne—
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!)
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

•

I NEVER gave a lock of hair away
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full, brown length, and say,
"Take it!" My day of youth went yesterday;
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle tree,
As girls do, any more. It only may
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears
Would take this first, but Love is justified—
Take it thou, finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

• • •

THE STORY OF THE LOVE SONNETS

EDMUND GOSSE, in a recent edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, tells the story of how the title, Sonnets from the Portuguese, originated. The poems were not translations. The story is so interesting that we quote it in full:

"During the months of their brief courtship, closing, as all the world knows, in the clandestine flight and romantic wedding of September 12, 1846, neither poet showed any verses to the other.

"Mr. Browning, in particular, had not the slightest notion that the circumstances of their betrothal had led Miss Barrett into any artistic expression of feeling. As little did he suspect it during their honeymoon in Paris, or during their first crowded weeks in Italy. They settled at length in Pisa, and being quitted by Mrs. Jamieson and her niece in a very calm and happy mood, the young couple took up each his or her separate work.

"Their custom was, Mr. Browning said, to write alone, and not to show each other what they had written. This was a rule which he sometimes broke through; but she, never. He had the habit of working in a downstairs room, where their meals were spread, while Mrs. Browning studied in a room on the floor above. One day, early in 1847, their breakfast being over, Mrs. Browning went upstairs, while her husband stood at the window watching the street till the table should be cleared. He was presently aware of somebody behind him, although the servant was gone. It was Mrs. Browning, who held him by the shoulders to prevent his turning to look at her, and at the same time quickly pushed a packet of papers into one of the pockets of his coat.

"She told him to read that, and to tear it up if he did not like it; and then she fled again to her own room. Mr. Browning settled himself at the table, and unfolded the package. It contained the series of sonnets which have now become so illustrious. As he read, his emotion and delight may be conceived. Before he had finished it was impossible for him to restrain himself, and, regardless of his promise, he rushed upstairs and stormed that guarded citadel.

"He was early conscious that these were treasures not to be kept from the world. 'I dared not reserve them to myself,' he said, 'the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare's.' When it was determined to publish the sonnets in the volume of 1850, the question of the title arose. The name which was ultimately chosen, Sonnets from the Portuguese, was invented by Mr. Browning as an ingenious device to veil the true authorship, and yet to suggest kinship with that beautiful lyric called Caterina to Camoëns, in which so similar a passion had been expressed.

"Long before he ever heard of these poems, Mr. Browning called his wife 'his own little Portuguese'; and so, when she proposed Sonnets translated from the Bosnian, he, catching at the happy thought of 'translated,' replied, 'No, not Bosnian; that means nothing: but from the Portuguese! They are Caterina's sonnets!' And so, in half a joke, half a conceit, the famous title was invented."

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

When Judge Day Opposed McKinley

Judge Day, ex-Secretary of State, in talking to a friend in Canton, Ohio, recently, spoke of the momentous scene at the White House when the protocol was signed. It seems that, after the document had been signed, the President made a brief impromptu speech.

At that time Judge Day recalled an event which occurred thirty years ago, when he and McKinley first met. Both were employed on opposite sides of a case that involved less than $200. The courtroom was a blacksmith shop in Stark County, and it was heard by a country Justice of the Peace. To save expenses, the opposing counsel drove to the hearing in the same wagon.

Thirty years later these same men were the chief figures in the diplomatic negotiations which ended an international war, one as President, the other as Secretary of State.

•

How Miss Howard Wrote Her First Story

The late Blanche Willis Howard, whose stories of domestic life won such wide popularity in America, wrote her first story under rather unusual circumstances. When she was a young girl, in her teens, her sister locked her in a room, telling her, half in jest, that she would not be released until she had written a story.

The result of this prank was the story, One Summer, a little book which had a phenomenal sale. A commission from the publishers of that book enabled Miss Howard to visit Brittany, where Guen was written, a story of simple fisher-life. The out-of-door atmosphere of the book, and the poignancy of the human tragedy it unfolds, gained for it an immediate recognition, and it has become a classic of its kind.

Although born in Bangor, Maine, Miss Howard spent much of her life in Germany, as the wife of Doctor von Teuffel, of Stuttgart, and later several years of widowhood. Guen has been translated into almost all of the European languages, and Miss Howard, who was a born linguist, had devoted friends among men of letters, not in America and England only, but also in France and Germany. She had an indifference to publicity which perhaps does her fame some wrong, for she eluded, in America itself, the biographer and the interviewer.

•

General de Boisdeffre at the Russian Court

General de Boisdeffre, whose name has become so well known in connection with the Dreyfus case, has long been a prominent figure in French politics. For the past sixteen years he has been connected with the War Department of France, and his vacations have usually been spent in Russia, where he ever strove to increase the good-feeling of the Czar for the people of the French Republic.

It is related that once while he was viewing the Russian Army manœuvres he met the War Lord of Germany, and these two authorities on war began discussing Hannibal's strategy in the Italian campaign. Each took opposite sides with regard to the disposition of the troops at the battle of Cannæ. The Kaiser claimed that his view was supported by the documents, which he promised to send De Boisdeffre on his return home. Thus an interesting correspondence opened between the French and German war chiefs.

It was De Boisdeffre who, in 1894, conveyed the good wishes of the French Government and people to the young Czar. He also was admitted to an audience with the widowed Czarina. As he bent low over the hand which she had extended for him to kiss, the remembrance of the previous occasion when they had met, and of the deep affection which her husband had always expressed for the General, came to her mind, and without reflecting what she was doing, she suddenly seized hold of the General's bowed head between her two hands, kissed him again and again on the forehead and cheek, and burst into a violent fit of passionate and hysterical weeping, which seemed absolutely to deprive her of her senses.

It was a most pitiable spectacle for all present—the first time that she had shed a tear since her husband's death, and the incident was brought to a close by the poor woman being borne, half-fainting and sobbing wildly, from the audience chamber by her son, the Czar, and by her ladies.

•

Chief Samory of the Upper Niger

The French have much reason to feel elated over the capture of Chief Samory and the armed chiefs of the Sofa band, for their interests in the Western Soudan were imperiled as long as he remained at large, and he had eluded one expedition after another against him for sixteen years.

Samory is a soldier of fortune, who became familiar with the region of the Upper Niger as a trader in his youth. He was born in Sanankoro in 1842. When he was twenty years old, his mother was kidnapped by some of Sori Ibrahim's warriors. Samory offered to redeem his mother by serving in her stead, but the chief kept both, and for nearly eight years the son was schooled in the warfare of the region.

On his mother's release, Samory entered the service of the King of Torongo as Commander-in-Chief. He conceived the idea of creating a vast Empire for himself, and conquered one country after another till, in 1878, his influence extended over the whole of the Upper Niger, and he had established ten great Governments, all of them subject to his will. His first encounter with the French was in 1882, and he waged a bitter and fierce war against them ten years later.

•

Theophile Delcassé, Colonial Expansionist

The present French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who has had charge of the diplomatic correspondence concerning the Fashoda question with Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador to France, has long been noted for his vast scheme of colonial expansion and for the persistency with which he has pressed it.

For many years he labored hard, both in the Chamber of Deputies and in the columns of Gambetta's organ, La Republique Français, of which he was an editor, to have the colonial ministry, which had been twice suppressed and twice reëstablished, again created. His perseverance conquered, and, after serving the ministry as under-secretary, he became its chief in 1894.

He was born in 1852, and was educated at the University of France. He engaged in journalism and politics, and was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, in Henri Brisson's reorganized cabinet, in June last.

•

The Mother of Fitzhugh Lee

Fitzhugh Lee's mother, who died recently, was Anna Maria Mason, youngest child of John Mason. Anna Maria grew up to be a great beauty and belle, and was known as the "beautiful Nannie Mason of the island." She spent many of the happy days of her girlhood at Mount Vernon and Arlington, and it was at the latter place that she met Lieutenant Sydney Smith Lee, United States Navy, an elder brother of Robert E. Lee, who was at that time married to Mary Custis Arlington. This meeting resulted in courtship and marriage, the ceremony being performed in old Christ Church, Alexandria, Virginia.

During Buchanan's administration Captain and Mrs. Lee were intimate friends and frequent guests of Miss Harriet Lane, then the accomplished and graceful mistress of the White House. When the young Prince of Wales paid that long-remembered visit to the United States, of course the President had to give him a State dinner. Mrs. Lee, being one of the guests, went in on the arm of the Duke of Newcastle, and was seated next to the Prince. She relates many amusing incidents of that dinner, of Albert Edward's boyishness and gaucherie. He very greatly desired to have a dance after the dinner was over, but the President had to decline the proposition, as it was not customary.

•

35,000 Lashes for Befriending Slaves

Death has brought a release from suffering to one of the earliest of American abolitionists, and closed a most singularly remarkable career. Calvin Fairbank was born in Pike, New York, in 1816, and in 1837 performed his first act in alleviating the condition of slaves in the South by aiding a fugitive to escape from Virginia. Once meeting in a jail down in Lexington, Kentucky, a beautiful young woman but slightly tinged with negro blood, who was to be sold at auction in New Orleans, he procured, from the late Chief Justice Chase, Nicholas Longworth, and other citizens of Cincinnati, sufficient money to buy her, and then set her free.

For one of his efforts in behalf of the slaves he was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at Frankfort, Kentucky. Five years afterward he was pardoned, but within a short time he was kidnapped in Indiana, taken to Louisville, and again sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, for having resisted the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

He was released, in 1864, through the influence of President Lincoln, after serving twelve years of the fifteen years' sentence. His total imprisonment amounted to seventeen years and four months, and during this time he received more than thirty-five thousand lashes from his jailers.

•

England's Famous General, Lord Frederick Roberts

General Lord Frederick Sleigh Roberts, who, it is announced, is soon to visit America, is one of England's most famous active living Generals. He is the idol of the British Army, and was for many years commander of the British forces in India. It is said that no officer in the British Army has seen more brilliant service, or performed more daring exploits.

In 1880 the English forces under General Burrow were badly defeated, and retreated to Candahar. Roberts gathered 9000 men and went to their relief. For three weeks nothing was heard of him, and then it was learned that he had fairly wiped the opposing Army out of existence, and gloriously rescued his fellow-countrymen.

He manages to get the best work out of his men and inspire them with great confidence. Kipling has well voiced the sentiment of the English "Tommy Atkins":

"If a limber's slipped a trace,
'Ook on Bobs;
If a marker's lost 'is place,
Dress by Bobs;
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat,
Under Bobs."

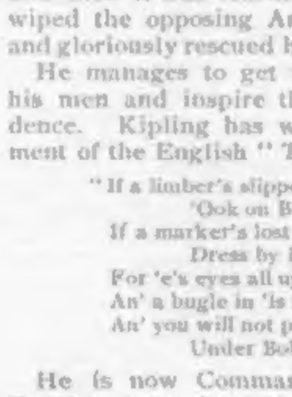
He is now Commander-in-Chief of the English Army in Ireland, and a few years ago was raised to the peerage.

"Now they've made a bloomin' lord
Outer Bobs;
Which was but 'is fair reward,
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget,
Will yer, Bobs?"

•

Gardner Q. Colton and Anæsthesia

The recent death of Gardner Quincy Colton, the scientist, designer of the first electrical locomotive, and dentist, has reopened the controversy as to who was the actual discoverer of anæsthesia. He was the last of the four men intimately associated with the discovery, and it was directly through his use of nitrous oxide or "laughing" gas that the discovery was made.



While illustrating the curious effects of the gas in a public lecture in Hartford, a young man who had bruised himself when under its influence declared, when the effects had worn off, that he had felt no pain while in the exhilarated state. Dr. Horace Wells, a local dentist present, suggested the possibility of extracting teeth without pain by the use of the gas, and made himself the subject of the experiment.

Elated with the result, Doctor Wells began using the gas in his own practice, and urged other dentists to do the same. His claim as discoverer was disputed by Dr. William T. G. Morton, of Boston, who from Doctor Wells' experiment developed the use of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic, and by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who declared he had suggested Doctor Morton's experiments. A bitter controversy as to the discoverer of the anæsthetic raged for several years, and all the principals excepting Doctor Colton lost their reason. Doctor Colton always regarded Doctor Wells as the discoverer.

•

The Democratic Emperor of Austria

The Emperor of Austria, who has recently suffered a great bereavement in the tragic death of his wife, is one of the most unconventional monarchs in Europe. One of his rules is to hear personally all appeals. Recently a Hungarian blacksmith came to thank His Majesty for an order conferred on him for some particularly fine work displayed at the Vienna Jubilee Exposition.

After thanking Francis Joseph for the honor, the artisan asked the Emperor for his autograph. The Emperor smiled and asked him why he wished this additional favor.

"When I die," he said, "my family will have to return the cross of merit Your Majesty has bestowed upon me, but I would like to leave to them a souvenir that I have seen the King" (of Hungary).

"But I have nothing handy I could write with," said the Emperor.

"Oh, never mind; I have a lead pencil with me," said the worthy blacksmith. The amused Emperor gave him the desired autograph, and as he still tarried, the Emperor asked the Hungarian whether he wanted anything else?

"Yes, Your Majesty," quoth he; "give me back my lead pencil, please."

•

When President Krüger Climbed a Steeple

President Paul Krüger, of the South African Republic, whom the world has come to know as "Oom" Paul, has just passed his seventy-third birthday; but if various interviews with him are to be believed, he is certainly a most vigorous old gentleman, and gives promise of balking British plans of expansion for some years to come.

When he was young, Krüger showed extraordinary mettle on many occasions, and gave promise of the courage and determination which he has since exhibited in statesmanship. The author of White Man's Africa says that, "in building the first church at Rustenberg, young Krüger was so delighted at having laid the ridgepole beam that he at once climbed to its highest point, and then stood on his head, to the alarm and scandal of the whole community."

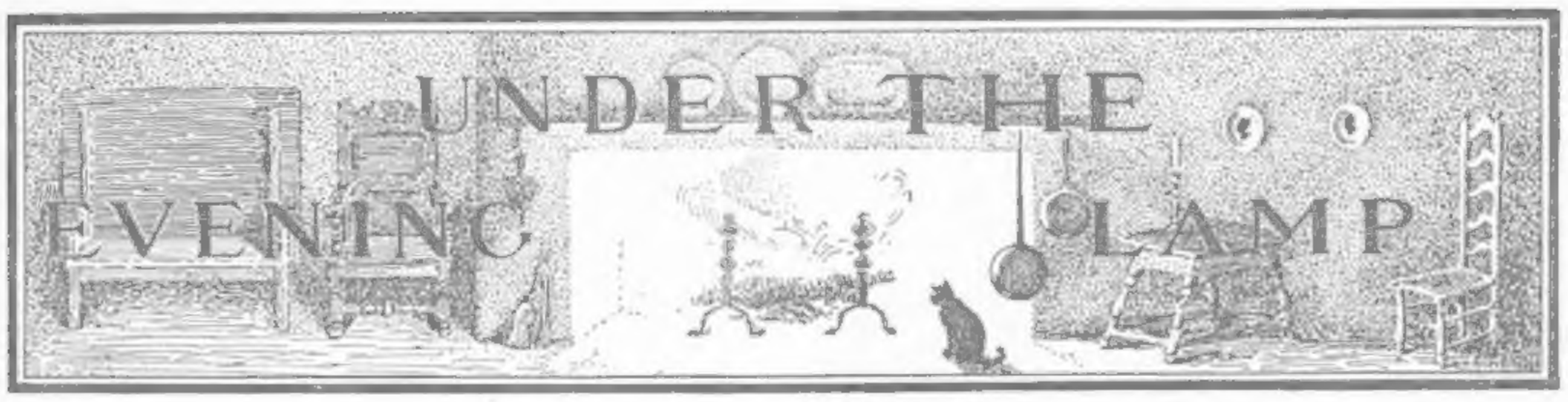
Krüger's home at present is a one-storied bungalow, with a wooden trellised veranda running along its entire length. Here he sits each day, smoking his enormous pipe of Transvaal tobacco, and unraveling questions of State as he looks abstractedly at the New Dopper church which is being erected opposite the Transvaal White House. In front of Krüger's house stand two white marble lions presented to Krüger by Barney Barnato. They are neither large nor artistic, but it is said that the President prizes them highly.

•

Madame Melba's First Appearance

Madame Melba lately gave an interesting account of her first public appearance. "I was quite a young girl in Australia," she said, "when, notwithstanding the persistent discouragement of my father, who was averse to the idea of a singer's career for me, I engaged a hall in which to give a concert, and sent round a notice to all my friends.

Unfortunately for my plans, somebody mentioned the little scheme to my father, and he, furious at my clandestine enterprise, begged every one of his acquaintances to uphold his parental authority by ignoring the performance. But I wasn't disheartened, and, at the hour announced for the commencement of my concert, stepped on to the platform—to find myself face to face with an audience of two people. And nobody else came."



A King That Changed the Clock's Face

NOT every one who looks at the dial of a clock knows that the four I's, which are in the place of the usual IV, to designate the number four, are there because of the obstinacy of Charles V of France. The story runs as follows:

When Henry Vick carried to the King the first accurate clock, the King said to him that the IV was wrong, and should be changed to IIII. Vick said: "You are wrong, Your Majesty." Whereat the King thundered out: "I am never wrong! Take it away and correct the mistake." From that time to this day the four I's have stood as the mark of the fourth hour on the clock's face.

•

Who Little Jack Horner Was

A GOOD many people can repeat a certain poem about Jack Horner, but very few can tell who he really was.

Jack Horner of the Christmas pie really existed, though whether he deserved the famous title of "good boy" is exceedingly doubtful, says an exchange.

When Henry VIII suppressed the monasteries, and drove the monks from their nests, the title deeds of the Abbey of Mells were demanded by the commissioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested with thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely.

To accomplish this end he devised a very ingenious plan. He ordered a savory pie to be made, and inside he put the documents—the finest filling a pie ever had—and intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry to London, to deliver safely into the hands for which it was intended.

But the journey was long, and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small.

So the boy broke off a piece of the pie and beheld a parchment within. He pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering how it could have found its way there, tied up in pastry. He arrived in town and the parcel was delivered, but the title deeds of Mells Abbey were missing.

The fact was, that Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juiciest plums in the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, and heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks.

But Master Jack Horner kept his secret, and when peaceful times were restored he claimed the estates, and received them.

•

Did Napoleon Invent the Sleeping-Car?

A SORT of protest has been repeated a great deal lately in American journals, to the effect that public opinion is mistaken in supposing that George M. Pullman was the inventor of the sleeping-car, says the Pall Mall Magazine. Pullman did not invent the sleeping-car, any more than James Watt invented the steam engine, or George Stephenson the locomotive. But there was never a car in which comfortable beds were provided until Pullman showed how it could be done.

In 1838 cars with sleeping berths were put on what is now the Pennsylvania Railroad between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and much boasting was done about the comfort and luxury of the cars. The time was not yet ripe, however, for sleeping-cars, and those were taken off after a few weeks' trial because they were not patronized.

That was the beginning of a series of attempts and failures which were repeated on a variety of railroads, until experience, profiting by previous mistakes, and ingenuity, ever active to invent improvements on old forms, produced sleeping-car berths that people were eager to patronize.

As early as 1850, two or three of the long railroads began putting sleeping berths in their way cars (brake vans) for the use of stockmen in charge of cattle. The berths were little better than wide shelves that were hung from the side of the car, but they served their purpose.

This making an upper berth by a movable shelf hinged to the wall led to a celebrated lawsuit between two leading sleeping-car companies later. One company claimed that it had a patent on the device, and the other contested the plea on the ground that the plan was old. Evidence was presented proving that the hinged shelf had long been used for making sleeping berths; and among other facts it was shown that the carriage which Napoleon used in his campaigns, and which is now to be seen in a museum in London, contains provisions of that kind for making up a bed.

If Napoleon devised that means of promoting his comfort and conserving his energy, which is not at all unlikely, he was the inventor of a very important element in the modern sleeping-car.

•

A Baron's Little Joke

THEY tell a piquant little joke about Baron Oppenheim, the wealthy and influential banker of Cologne, who, though a Christian of the third generation, never denies his Jewish origin, no matter where or with whom he happens to be.

Lately a French financier, also of Hebrew extraction, and a native of a little German town, though naturalized in France, paid him a visit at his Cologne counting-house, bent on a large stroke of business in which he needed the aid of Baron Oppenheim, whose financial influence along the Rhine is almost paramount in importance.

He sent in his card to the Baron.

The bit of pasteboard almost suppressed the real name of the caller, which was Cohn, but added to the mere C of the Cohn a long and flowing title, more or less fictitious, thus: "Le Baron C. de Point Figuier."

Baron Oppenheim took the card, smiled a quiet smile, and then bade his caller welcome, and proceeded to discuss business matters with him.

The next day he returned the French financier's visit, and sent in a card on which was printed, "Le Baron O. de Cologne."

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The World's Decisive Battles

PROFESSOR CREARY denominates these battles "decisive," not alone by reason of their immediate results, but because in each a reversed victory would have changed materially the history of the world:

B. C. 490.
The victory at Marathon,
Greece over haughty Persia won.
B. C. 431.
At Syracuse the Spartan's name
Attained in Hellas naval fame.
B. C. 331.
From Arbela Darius fled,
While Alexander onward sped.
B. C. 307.
On the Metaurus Rome foretold
The speedy doom of Carthage old.
A. D. 9.
With Varus into wilds decoyed,
Rome's trusted legions were destroyed.
A. D. 451.
By Visigoth and Roman spurned,
The "Scourge of God" from Chalons turned.
A. D. 732.
At Tours fierce blows from Charles "Martel"
The "Infidels'" retreat compel.
A. D. 1066.
At Hastings fought the Saxon lords,
When Norman William claimed their swords.
A. D. 1429.
Joan of Arc, of France the pride,
At Orleans turned the battle-tide.
A. D. 1588.
Spain's huge Armada, greatly feared,
In English waters disappeared.
A. D. 1704.
At Blenheim Marlborough held sway,
While Prince Eugene helped win the day.
A. D. 1709.
Paltowa saw a triumph framed,
Which Russia over Sweden claimed.
A. D. 1777.
At Saratoga, in our States,
Burgoyne gave up his sword to Gates.
A. D. 1792.
The young democracy of France
At Valmy checked their foes' advance.
A. D. 1815.
But great Napoleon we view,
Vanquished at last at Waterloo.

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He Hired Webster for a Week

OF COURSE Webster was in demand by those who could afford to pay for his services, says the Boston Herald. A sharp Nantucket man is said to have got the better of the great defender of the Constitution in an amusing way, however.

He had a small case which was to be tried at Nantucket one week in June, and he posted to Webster's office in great haste. It was a contest with a neighbor over a matter of considerable local interest, and his pride as a litigant was at stake. He told Webster the particulars, and asked what he would charge to conduct the case. "Why," said Webster, "you can't afford to hire me. I should have to stay down there the whole week, and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than one thousand dollars. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more, for one case would take my time for the entire week, anyway, for I'd have to be on hand."

"All right, then, Mr. Webster," quickly responded the Nantucketer. "Here's your one thousand dollars. You come down, and I'll fix it so you can try every case."

Webster was so amused over this proposition that he kept his word. He spent the entire week in Nantucket, and appeared on one side or the other in every case that came up for hearing. The shrewd Nantucketer hired Daniel out to all his friends who were in litigation, and received in return about fifteen hundred dollars, so that he got Webster's services for absolutely nothing, and made a good profit to boot.

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Symphonies of Silence in Japanese Music

TO ONE who never heard it, it is impossible to give a definite idea of Japanese music, says the Washington Star, and to one who hears it for the first time it must either repel or strangely attract. For its fantastic intervals and fractional tones demand a totally new sense of musical appreciation and call into being a new set of musical sensations.

Notes and vibrations unknown in our scale of sound emerge from some mysterious centre, and play upon nerves hitherto dormant and undivided by us. It is as if a hitherto closed door between sense and spirit had been suddenly thrown open. One feels that if reincarnation be true, one might through this door alone remember and reconstruct those vanished existences. Only in the tones of their own Unguisu, a bird which has but three notes, have I heard anything so occult.

Japanese music is like Japanese art, which, with its unperceivable spirit sense and symbolism, its strange method of brush handling, might seem merely grotesque at first, but which gradually reveals to the initiated eye mysteries within mysteries of artistic form and perception, until presently one finds one's self encompassed by a new art world, where technique is subordinated to feeling and where finest effects are obtained through the art of omission. So in Japanese music, its methods are not ours, its climaxes come in crashes of silence, in sustained and soundless pause, the notes subordinated to a silent something, an inner sense, which, while restraining or even repressing sound, is the very ecstasy of musical sensation.

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A Police Force of One Officer

THERE is one country in the world, and probably only one, which gets along with a single policeman. That is Iceland.

Iceland is peopled by the descendants of Vikings, including many famous warriors and heroes, but they are so law-abiding that they have no need of policemen.

The solitary officer, in spite of his great responsibility, has a very easy time. He is maintained more for ornament and dignity than for use. The Icelanders think it would not do to have a capital without a policeman, and so they keep one.

The Iceland police force is large in one sense. Its member is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and handsomely uniformed.

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Nye's Trick on Herrmann

A FEW years ago the late Bill Nye and Herrmann, the magician, met for the first time in a small Ohio town. Each knew the other very well by reputation, and from personal characteristics, but they never had been introduced. By chance they stopped at the same hotel on the occasion referred to, and were given seats at the same table in the dining-room.

They bowed politely, and began talking about the weather, each believing that the other did not recognize his *vis-à-vis*.

Just as Nye raised his knife and fork to cut a dish of lettuce salad, Herrmann uttered a cry of protest and surprise. Nye stopped in astonishment.

"Excuse me, sir," remarked the wizard, "but I thought I saw something queer there in your lettuce."

The humorist carefully looked over the salad, leaf by leaf, but found nothing, and again raised his knife to cut it. Again he was stopped by a sharp cry from Herrmann, who added, apologetically: "I beg a thousand pardons, but I surely could not have been mistaken that time. There is something there. Excuse me," and he pointed to a large lettuce leaf, raised it, and disclosed underneath a magnificent diamond cluster ring worth several hundred dollars.

Nye slowly picked up the ring, and, without the slightest manifestation of surprise, drawled out: "This sort of thing has gone just far enough. I'm continually shedding diamonds wherever I go. Day before yesterday I lost a solitaire in a sugar-bowl in Pittsburg, and in Cleveland this morning the chambermaid, in sweeping my room, found three or four more. It is positively giving me brain fag to keep track of these things, and I'm going to give it up as a bad job."

Beckoning to a waitress, he slipped Herrmann's ring into her hand and said: "Here's a trifle for you. Keep it to remember me by; it's yours."

It took the owner of the ring about half a day to recover his property.

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WIT OF THE CHILDREN

WHERE REASONING FAILED.—"Mamma, have I any children?" asked little five-year-old Ella upon her return home from Sunday-school. "Why, no, of course not! What put that idea into your head?" replied the surprised mother. "Because," answered the little lady, "our lesson at Sunday-school to-day was about people's children and their children's children."

A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ABSTRACT.—"What is an abstract noun, Nellie?" asked the teacher, of a bright little girl. "Don't know," was the answer. "You don't know!" exclaimed the teacher. "Well, it's the name of something you can think of but can't touch. Now, can you give an example?" "A red-hot poker," was the surprising and prompt reply.

AN INCOMPLETE EDUCATION.—Visitor—"Well, Tommie, how are you getting on at school?" Tommie (age eight)—"First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, like some of the boys do, and I can after I've been to school long enough."

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NEWS FROM BOOK-LAND

Wild Eelin, by William Black.—There is, after all, something in knowing what we may expect from a writer, in being sure that we shall not have to read through four hundred and more pages of flatness and disappointment. Time was when we thought that Mr. Black would ultimately write a really great novel; that expectation has long since been tenderly laid away in the Field of Blasted Hopes. But if we are certain that we shall never have a great story from him, we are equally sure that we shall never have a bad one.

Mr. Black's strong point is scenery, which is good; but he knows it, and that is bad; for he can never pilot his hero across a moor, nor walk his heroine beside a loch, nor arrange a little love-making between them when the sun is setting, without stopping to describe everything in sight. And one does not like to have the hero halted too often in his love-making, even to watch the sun set in Mr. Black's best manner.

Wild Eelin is a typical woman of Mr. Black's fancy. She is beautiful, of course; she despises conventions, yet none the less is she bound by them; she is willful, yet quick to heed suggestion; she swims, fences and fishes, and combines her love of outdoor life with an equally great love of literature. But there is a certain early morning freshness about Wild Eelin, and, though her charm is perhaps impossible, it is none the less undeniable.

To this Highland nymph Mr. Black allots three lovers, but that is not so generous of him as it may appear, for one is a young lord, something of a sot and a good deal of a blackguard; another a young Scotch-Canadian railway king, with whom she is in love, but who is too timid or too stupid to discover it by the ordinary expedient of inquiring as to the state of her feelings; and a third, a young sub-editor who has graduated from a shop, is a creation worthy the pen of our own Richard Harding Davis. He is an athlete, and, when set upon by four prize-fighters employed by his rival, the nobleman, he knocks one of them yards, and is only overpowered and thrown into the river after a desperate struggle. He writes newspaper articles till midnight, and gets up at four to read Horace. Add to these characters the blind father of the railway king, and the stage is set—set with plenty of scenery—for the struggle of the rivals for the hand of Eelin.

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It is too bad to hint at the ending, but it will relieve the reader to know that none of them gets her, even if he may wonder a little why Mr. Black takes such pains to create healthy heroines if they are to be killed off in the last chapter. Yet, with all its exaggerations, its impossibilities, and its slow spots, it is a good story, and Wild Eelin is a woman whom the young person with illusions will long remember, no matter what the realists may say about her. (Published by Harper & Bros., New York.)

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Modern Political Institutions, by Simeon E. Baldwin, LL.D.—The distinguished jurist whose name appears on the title-page of this volume approaches his subject in a broad-minded manner with the remark that "unity of social policy, uniformity of statute laws and judicial procedure, solidarity of national beliefs—these are what the people of the United States must put before themselves as the ideals to be striven for."

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Some of the chapters in the book are based upon addresses that have been delivered by Doctor Baldwin from time to time, while others are entirely new. In the treatise on the Exemption of the Accused from Examination in Criminal Proceedings, a strong plea is made in favor of requiring the prisoner to answer the charge against him, for, while the American system of criminal prosecutions is one which seldom convicts the innocent, it is one which often acquits the guilty, and, under our present system of criminal justice, the exemption of the accused in the matter of pleading is a great advantage.

Doctor Baldwin gives the place of honor in his collection of essays to a review of the Centenary of Modern Government, a chapter of more than one hundred pages, which deserves special consideration. He counts as the fruits of the century, religious liberty, the widening of the suffrage, the functions of journalism, and the development of charity. The chapters on The Defense by the State of Suits attacking Testamentary Charities, Salaries for Members of the Legislature, The Monroe Doctrine of 1898, and American Jurisprudence is of particular value to all who are interested in the governmental institutions of our country. (Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.)

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The Secret of Achievement, by Orison Swett Marden.—That wonderfully entertaining book, Collections and Recollections, was written, so the title-page announces, by One Who Kept a Diary; and had the author of the Secret of Achievement sought a pseudonym, he would have found one as suited to his case in One Who Kept a Scrap-Book. His book is practically a succession of incidents and anecdotes, many old, many new, and all stimulating, which illustrate and clinch the proposition, made in the introduction, that "the secret of every great success has been indomitable resolution and earnest application."

This general text has been expanded into chapters under such headings as, Blessed be Drudgery, Tenacity of Purpose, Self-Control, and so forth, but the preaching is by implication. Without any great originality to commend it, The Secret of Achievement is thoroughly entertaining and helpful. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

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III—TEKLA

By Robert Barr

The Hero.—His age might have been anything between twenty-five and thirty-five; he was, in truth, twenty-eight years old at the time he first came within sight of this Western city. He wore the dress of a young gallant of that period, with a light rapier by his side, but was otherwise unarmed. His costume indicated no special distinction, and would not have prepared a listener for the manner in which his fellow-traveler addressed him.

"That, Your Majesty," he said, "is the ancient town of Treves."

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The Heroine.—Rumor had it that the Archbishop intended to bestow on Count Bertrich the hand, and incidentally the broad lands, of his ward, who rode at his right hand, and if this were true the girl showed little pleasure over it, to judge by the small heed she gave either to the crowd that lined the road on each side or to those who accompanied her in the august procession. She seemed neither to see nor to hear aught that went on around her, but with eyes looking straight forward, and a slight frown on her fair brow, rode onward in silence, a marked contrast to the prattling train which followed her.

•

How It Began.—"Will you stand for me against my master as you did before, my lord?" cried Conrad.

"My lord," cried the Countess, half-rising, and looking around for the first time at the second boatman, on whom the moonlight now fell, showing that he had removed his cap and was bowing to her.

"I pray you, madame, do not stand, for this boat is but unsteady at best. I beg you not to be alarmed, for I shall be as faithful to your behests as Conrad, and no man can give higher warrant."

"What lord are you, or are you one?"

"Conrad, in his excitement, gives me title to which I make no claim, exaggerating my importance because of some influence I have exerted on his behalf with his master."

"What is your name and quality, for I see you are no waterman?"

"I am sorely disappointed to hear you say so, madame, for I hoped to make good my reputation as waterman by my work to-night. My name is Rodolph, and none who know me will deny I am a gentleman."

•

How It Ended.—"Uncle, uncle; look. Who is the Emperor?"

The Black Count turned his gaze once more to the front and cried:

"By my sins, it is no Emperor at all, but Lord Rodolph."

Tekla, quicker of comprehension, whispered, holding bravely off the faintness that had suddenly come upon her:

"Lord Rodolph is the Emperor."

Rodolph swung himself lightly from the horse before Conrad could put hand to stirrup, and advanced quickly toward them, the cavalry coming to a halt behind him. He seemed suddenly stricken dumb with her beauty, for all the color had fled from her face, leaving it like chiseled marble, as she stood demurely, with her eyes bent on the ground.

"Tekla," he murmured, taking her hand with deep reverence and raising it to his lips, "is the Prince who returns as welcome as the unknown lord would have been?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," whispered the still bewildered Tekla, casting a swift glance at him, the color again touching her cheeks.

"And is Countess Tekla willing to become Empress Tekla?"

"The delight of a loyal subject is to obey the Imperial command," she said, a smile coming at last to her lips. (Published by The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

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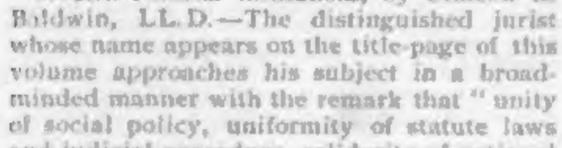

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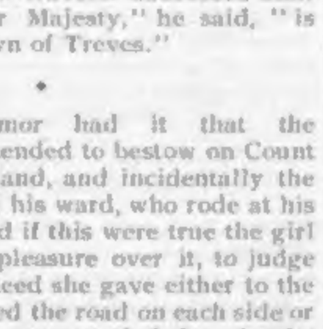

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